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AMERICANS should not permit themselves any illusions about the meaning and probable result of the President's Baltimore speech. It means a prolongation of the war under conditions and for purposes which will necessarily assess upon the American people the chief costs in money and men of the additional fighting. It commits the American government to the furnishing of enough ships, food, munitions and trained soldiers to inflict an ultimate defeat upon the German army, and to accomplish this result an enlarged volume and a quicker rate of military preparation are indispensable. Back of this increased and accelerated military programme, there will have to be a much more thorough organization of agricultural and industrial production than any which has yet been undertaken. Non-essential industries will have to be abandoned, taxes on wealth and on excess profits raised to a considerably higher level, the willing cooperation of labor obtained, and the enormous amount of authorized waste, involved in our economic system, substantially reduced. The war will knock on the door of every household in America as it has in Europe and demand that its members give up all that they have held most dear in life except the opportunity to work and to serve. "Force without stint or limit" involves personal and popular sacrifice without stint or limit.

YET in asking of his fellow countrymen organized force and personal sacrifices without stint or limit, President Wilson has not gone over to the militarists. He is appealing to force without stint or limit because unless he can command it he may not be able to win the indispensable political victory. He says nothing about using it to deal Germany a "knock-out blow." It is needed because German generals have been allowed to dictate the terms of peace with Russia and Rumania, and because they will not abandon their military conquests and advantages until they have been defeated. But the unlimited force is asked expressly for the purpose of obtaining a revision of the proposed settlement in the east, and the German government can always remove the threat by agreeing to abandon the treaties. The President's speech is an answer to people in all countries who have been declaring that Alsace-Lorraine is the chief obstacle to a general peace. No, the chief obstacle to a general peace is the baleful subordination in German policy of political to military considerations, the existence of which in spite of all protests to the contrary has been clearly proved by the Russian treaty. This policy the Germans must be forced to surrender, but in insisting on its surrender President Wilson is not imitating the Germans by militarizing American policy. He closes the gates on all compromises of essential principle. But he again throws wide open the gates of conciliation. He proposes nothing but "even-handed and dispassionate justice to Germany" at all times and "whatever the outcome of the war." He is still ready to discuss "a fair, just and honest peace at any time it is sincerely proposed." The unlimited force is not to be used in order to deny to the German people what the German military commanders

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are now denying to the Russians. The political offensive, that is, continues in full activity. The only change is that hereafter it will be sustained by an organization of American military resource, which is more likely to compel the German government to respect it.

CERTAIN commentators on the President's speech have declared it to mean a policy in the future of action rather than talk. The war, they say, cannot be won by words. No, but it can be lost by words, and the people who utter nonsense of this kind are propagating a doctrine which, if the Allied governments actually acted on it, would infallibly lose the war. At this very moment words are being used as never before in the history of mankind as an indispensable part of the organization of victory. The government is spending millions on words printed in the daily papers in order to sell Liberty bonds. It is spending millions on words, which are being distributed as propaganda in enemy, neutral and friendly countries. It is only by the dissemination of words that ideas can be propagated, and it is by propagation of ideas that everything America and the Allies are fighting for in this war can be made to live and bear fruit. Words constitute the indispensable instruments of that vitalizing of public opinion without which political freedom is an illusion and democracy a sham. Those who sneer at the attempt to make words of use in the war are sneering at the weapon which if properly tempered and sustained by military power furnishes the western democracies with the best assurance of a victory over Germany. None but tiny minorities of non-resistant pacifists expect to use words as a comprehensive substitute for force, but it was because Christ and others uttered words which have reverberated in the souls of men that a world has been created which is worth protecting against the onslaught of German brutality.

COUNT CZERNIN has never appeared in a worse light than in his specious defense of the Rumanian peace. The "rectifications" of the frontier, he asserts, do not fall under the odious title of annexations. The boundary line has been shifted to the disadvantage of Rumania, but only with the purpose of assuring a better strategic frontier for Austria-Hungary—a political necessity so long as the peace of nations does not rest upon the solid foundation of international organization. Let it be noted that it is not the weaker state that is to be assured against the aggressions of the stronger state, but the stronger state that is to be protected against the weaker by this rectified and improved frontier. The wolf must be assured that the lamb shall not hold high places from which to spring upon him. It is further to be noted that the rectified frontier places within the dominions of the Dual Empire important coal measures. Will Count Czernin undertake to convince the world that this is by accident? He may as well save his rhetoric. The Austro-Hungarian arrangement with Rumania, like the German arrangement with the Slavic states to the north, will have only such validity as can be procured by German arms on the west. It will be subject to revision when the Germans have been brought to a condition in which they declare to the world that they are ready to subscribe to an honest peace.

IF the landing of Japanese forces in Vladivostok arouses dangerous excitement in Moscow, the fault does not lie with Japan, who has a moral right to protect her nationals against outrage in regions where the local authorities are powerless to do so. Rather, the fault lies with the insincerities of the old imperialism, which made frequent use of such outrages as pretexts for territorial encroachments. Everybody recalls how conveniently the murder of German missionaries in China fell in with the designs of the German government, hungering after a slice of Chinese territory. The German establishment at Kiao Chao was the result. This is only one of numerous instances of the kind. According to almost any socialist propaganda pamphlet they are a part of the regular technique of imperialist aggression. Most Russians of the radical parties accept them as such, and so confident are they of the soundness of their analysis that the prediction was freely made weeks ago that after the failure of Japan to secure an Allied mandate to go into Siberia, the Japanese imperialists would have outrages upon their nationals committed in Vladivostok. The reported murder of Japanese subjects and the landing of Japanese troops are naturally interpreted in this light, at Moscow. The excitement will subside completely only when Russia has received full assurance from Japan and her allies that the incident means nothing more than appears on its face.

IT is extremely likely that the Irish Convention has given the House of Commons a tougher nut to crack than Lloyd George bargained for. Nothing could have been more evasive than the economic clauses of the late home rule bill, and it is highly probable that discussion of these clauses has proved the main feature of the agreements and disagreements of the Irish convention. The trouble with this outcome is its amateurishness. The Irish convention was a political convention not equipped to consider Irish economics in a dispas-

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sionate non-nationalistic spirit; and it is compelled to submit its reports to a prime minister who is certainly not prepared with an economic policy. What is needed now is a clean inquiry into the facts. George W. Russell has given a valuable hint in advising the establishment of an independent Irish committee on economic reconstruction. A full "consideration of Irish economic problems on their merits apart from questions of government" is fundamental. The educative process ought clearly to precede the argumentative process at this juncture, when no one is really wise enough to have the right policy in advance.

SOME things we do remarkably well in America, and one of these is raising war loans by popular subscription. Before the outbreak of the European war, the writers on public finance were agreed that public loans could not be so easily and cheaply raised by a direct appeal to the people as by resort to established financial institutions as intermediaries. Our experience with the first two Liberty Loans has proved that this doctrine does not hold in time of national crisis, when the whole people, practically, is eager to make sacrifices for the nation. We have raised more money and at lower rates than we could have raised in an equal time if we had relied chiefly upon the paid services of underwriting syndicates. Our government has had the sagacity to devise and perfect a vast volunteer organization for loan flotation. It has omnipresent agents of all economic classes, from the greatest financiers to boy scouts, and only an extremely alert loan slacker can hope to escape their pressure, which in some communities is so vigorous as almost to attain to the democratic ideal of conscription of wealth. It is to be doubted that even in Germany, the supposed habitat of governmental efficiency, comparable results are achieved. In Germany everybody who is likely to sell anything to the government subscribes heavily to the loans, either voluntarily or under compulsion. We are not relying upon this essentially profiteering principle at all, but are making our appeal directly to patriotism. And it is already clear that the flow of subscriptions will be sufficiently abundant to meet every expenditure the government can contract in carrying out its war policies.

WHETHER the Secretary of the Treasury is acting wisely or not in forbidding the publication of figures showing the totals of loan subscriptions is a question to which a layman, excluded from examination of the facts upon which the decision was based, can give no answer. The reason assigned, that the publication of the figures might result in overconfidence, sounds plausible enough. A community that had raised its quota might slip back into inertia, while in fact the prescribed quota does not represent anything more than a minimum below which it is disgraceful for a community to fall. But there is such a thing as underconfidence, and one may properly raise the question whether the average American, who makes a moral fetish of success, is not more likely to do his best when he has evidence that his neighbors are also doing their best. We have to do here with a problem of social psychology, or to put it in current terms, of popular morale. If we had in Washington a staff of social psychologists trained to weigh all the possible effects of a given moral policy, we might be confident that any measures restricting publicity would produce something like the anticipated results. In default of such a staff, we turn loose upon the problem able financiers, journalists, soldiers and sailors, who do their best, which is no doubt as good as the best a staff of social psychologists would do in the administration of a treasury, an army or a railway. That best cannot be very good. It is bound to err in the direction of undue conservatism, excessive restrictions. One can be bold without being reckless only in a medium to which one's hand is thoroughly trained.

THE work of women in selling liberty bonds may look like a picturesque detail to the indulgent American. As a matter of fact, it has proved one of the principal elements of the liberty loan success. No cabinet officer has ever preceded Mr. McAdoo in working through a national woman's committee, but the secretary of the treasury had the excellent sense to take his woman's committee seriously, so that the national organization of women was promoted with great speed and in a fashion so extended and thorough that it is bringing extraordinary results. It may not seem pertinent that the First Catholic Slovak Ladies' Union has taken $100,000 of bonds in each loan, or that the Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees has subscribed $200,000, but there is no doubt that the inclusion and centralization of all the great national organizations of women in an advisory council has helped to bear this kind of fruit. The collateral work of linking wards and townships through county and district and state chairmen has been energetically and profitably pursued, with hundreds of millions directly traceable to women's efforts, outside the indirect returns from unremitting propaganda. The treasury's promotion of this activity is an example of governmental intelligence. The National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee cordially reports itself unhampered and most eager to carry on.

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IN a speech recently made in the House Mr. Frear of Wisconsin called attention to one example of Democratic campaign tactics in the recent Wisconsin election, which supplies the Republicans with an unmistakable grievance against their party opponents. He quoted an advertisement which appeared in a newspaper, printed in Rockford, Illinois, on April 2nd:

"To the Wisconsin soldiers at Camp Grant:

"You are entitled to vote for United States Senator from Wisconsin to succeed Senator Paul O. Husting. President Wilson, your Commander in Chief, desires all loyal Americans to vote for Joseph E. Davies for United States Senator. Davies's election means joy at Washington and gloom at Berlin. Davies's defeat means gloom at Washington and joy at Berlin."

We do not remember to have seen a clearer case than this of the unscrupulous abuse of patriotic feeling for partisan purposes. If the Democrats continue to capitalize in this way their control of the government, the coming congressional campaign will degenerate into partisan war of unprecedented bitterness and futility.

MR. FREAR also demonstrated in the same speech how little the national legislature had allowed its own action to be influenced by its declared preference, wherever the executive departments were concerned, for economy and efficiency. In a body which has week after week called loudly for patriotic sacrifice, and demanded the businesslike conduct of public affairs as a means of success in the war, the familiar old "pork bill" is reported as usual, cut about in half to be sure, but still containing millions of unjustifiable expenditure. "In order to get appropriations for New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, San Francisco, and other harbors that are handling commerce for the war, we must give nearly $8,000,000 in this bill, or 40 per cent of the whole bill, for three rivers that have been improved for forty years or more, with a decreasing commerce, that have a total navigable length of over 4,000 miles, with only 28 miles average haul." On the Ohio River, for instance, the privately owned railroads have reduced water competition to practically nothing. Yet the bill carries $5,000,000 for the Ohio River. On the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, during the fifty years in which Congress has been appropriating money for their improvement, freight has actually decreased between 90 and 95 per cent. Of the money spent on the Missouri last year, 85 per cent was used for the protection of privately owned banks. Of the new appropriation, half a million will be used for a private land reclamation project. The Mississippi, like the Ohio, has almost no terminals. The people's money goes for dredging channels that are not used. There is not a single boat line between St. Louis and New Orleans. For conditions of this sort Republicans and Democrats bear an equal responsibility. A shameful blocking of our greatest natural highways has been permitted to occur, and Congress has not only failed to remedy the stoppage, but has connived at the offense by appropriation after appropriation dished out to hungry contractors, supposedly for the purpose of stimulating commerce!

Politics During War

SEVERAL voices have been raised recently in favor of following in this country the example set by France and Great Britain and omitting the approaching Congressional elections. They have not met with any very cordial response, for they originated merely in a pious aspiration and were not accompanied by even a plausible suggestion as to how the Constitution could in this respect be suspended. Neither was the aspiration as pious as it appeared to its possessors. They should have remembered the speech made by President Lincoln to the Republican Clubs of the District of Columbia soon after his reelection in the fall of 1864. "The election was a necessity. We cannot have free government without elections, and if a rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case." He considered the holding of the election and its results a victorious answer to the "grave question whether any government not too strong for the liberty of its people can be strong enough to maintain its own existence in great emergencies."

The Congressional election will, of course, take place, but it is uncertain how real an election it will be. The Republican and Democratic parties have been hesitating whether or not they will engage in a contest. In certain conspicuous cases, such as those of Senators Kenyon, Borah and Nelson, the existing incumbents will probably be returned unopposed. It has looked at times as if a similarly easy victory would be allotted to a considerable proportion of Congressional and Senatorial candidates. But this outcome now appears less probable. As Lincoln says, "the strife of an election is only human nature practically applied to the facts of the case." Given the existing state of facts the particularly human people who are running the Democratic and Republican parties are headed for a lively and perhaps in the end a bitter contest.

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The course of the recent Wisconsin election registers a rising tide of partisan controversy and recrimination which is by way of overwhelming the conscientious objectors to any abandonment of the party truce.

The conditions which have brought about the party truce in France and Great Britain do not exist in the United States. Government by a cabinet enabled the leaders of the two French and English parties to coalesce and to assume a joint responsibility for the successful prosecution of the war. But with us executive authority is concentrated in a President who is *ipso facto* a party leader and who is unable except in minor ways to distribute or share his exclusive responsibility for the exercise of war power. Republicans might have been invited in to the cabinet, but if so they would have been not the President's coadjutors but his clerks. As a matter of fact, the President has appointed Republicans to nothing but subordinate positions. He has refused to grant to the opposing party even that minor responsibility for the management of the war which would have been the result of adopting a few of them into his official family. There is some truth, consequently, in Senator Smoot's recent statement of Republican grievances. "From first to last he (President Wilson) has shown his partisanship by his appointments, by his refusal to accept the proffered services of a most capable man affiliated with the party which is the leading rival of his own. . . . He has made the issue. He has thrown down the gauntlet to those Americans who believe in the superiority of Republican principles and policies and in the greater ability of those men who constitute the Republican party." But Senator Smoot failed to add that in any event the responsibility must be the President's and in a smaller measure that of the President's party.

The men of great ability who, as Mr. Smoot, thinks, loom so large in the Republican party evidently intend to pick up the gauntlet. But the resulting controversy is not being conducted in an edifying manner. Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, in his Maine speech very properly proclaimed the right of criticizing the mistakes of the administration without by so doing raising any question of loyalty, but he has given by his own behavior a very doubtful application to an irreproachable principle. In the course of the last six months he has criticized almost every phase of the President's war preparations and policies. The right of discriminating criticism, as he practices it, is indistinguishable from the right of indiscriminate criticism; and if the voters accepted his verdict there would follow a withdrawal of popular confidence in the administration which would react unfavorably on its ability successfully to prosecute the war. But unfortunately the attitude of many of the Democrats in this respect is not very much of an improvement on that of Senator Lodge or Mr. Roosevelt. They usually admit in theory the right of criticism, but in practice instead of finding everything to criticize, they find nothing to criticize. They are not above imputing disloyalty to all people who differ from the administration, no matter how justifiable those differences can be made to appear or how far they are subsequently vindicated by the actions of the administration.

If all this is true, the coming congressional election involves public-spirited American citizens in a significant dilemma. An election is intrinsically desirable, because as Lincoln says, a war which forced the nation to forego or postpone a process so essential to democracy as periodic elections, "could fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us." But the particular election which is now hanging over the country threatens to degenerate into a factious quarrel between two groups of politicians, each of which will try to prove either by criticizing the administration or by refraining from criticizing it the superiority of their brand of patriotism. The resulting quarrel will be of little service to the American people, because it will consist in a competition for official power on the part of politicians who wish to get themselves elected unhampered by embarrassing promises as to the way in which the power will be eventually used. The two competing parties will both claim to represent absolute, undiluted, one hundred per cent American patriotism. On the basis of this claim they will condemn all less vociferous patriots as suspects, and they will consider themselves entitled to ignore and suppress all those really significant questions about future American national and international policy, which a contest between two vital political parties would emphasize and illuminate rather than conceal.

The Wisconsin election supplies a perfect illustration of the damage done to the common political interests of the American people by apparent conspiracy between the two older parties not to allow the difference between them to involve any issue except competition for official power. The majority Republicans started wrong in the primary campaign by defining the issue between Lenroot and Thompson as one between abstract but utter loyalty and equally abstract and utter disloyalty, whereas in truth the campaign was a struggle for power between two factions of the party, which agreed in support of the war but disagreed chiefly about the amount of freedom of speech which was desirable during its continuance. The consequences of this mistake were apparent just as soon as Len-

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root won by a narrow margin. In order to be elected the Republican candidate was placed in the weak and suspicious position of soliciting the support of Republican voters to whom he had already imputed disloyalty. He offered an exposed flank to the Democrats, of which they have not been slow to take advantage. Their national committee explicitly accused Lenroot of getting himself elected by "courting" the pro-German vote. Apparently what they would have preferred to have him do was to force every Thompson Republican to vote for Berger with the result of electing that superpatriot! At any rate, because of the character of the Republican primary campaign Democratic accountants figure that the Democrats are one hundred per cent loyal while the Republicans are only fifty per cent loyal. The President assisted this attempt to convert the issue of loyalty into Democratic capital by calling attention to Lenroot's vote on the McLemore resolution. His intervention did not succeed in electing Mr. Davies, but it did succeed in changing Lenroot from a progressive, who might have sometimes joined the administration in fighting reactionary Republicans, into a personal opponent of the President, smarting under a sense of unfair treatment. The Democrats carried off the prize of superior loyalty. The Republicans gathered in the senatorship. An election which turned entirely on the issue of loyalty was ingeniously managed so as to bring to the surface whatever disloyalty there was in Wisconsin.

If the Democratic and Republican managers had deliberately planned to increase the apparently disloyal Socialist vote, they could hardly have succeeded better than they did in encouraging disloyalty. Berger, unlike Thompson, was running on a dangerous pacifist platform. The way to have cut his support to the bone would have been to have emphasized the essential internationalism of the President's foreign policy, his resolute and generous defense of the Russian Socialist republic against its enemies, the distinction he has been drawing between the German people and the German government, and the increasingly liberal tendencies of his domestic policy. But the contest between the two parties for eminence in abstract and empty loyalty was a bar to any propaganda which would have availed to convert doubtful voters. On the contrary it justified and necessitated the treatment of every doubter or suspect as a traitor, and in the alienation of many of the President's natural supporters. The large Berger vote in Wisconsin, like the large Hillquit vote in New York, was in no small measure brought about by driving voters who might have been persuaded into supporting a war, subordinated to democratic purposes, into unnecessary opposition. Only a few of the Berger and Hillquit voters are disloyal Americans. They are for the most part men who have been exasperated into doing an apparently disloyal act by persecution, by the violence and stupidity of much of the anti-German propaganda, and by the conspicuous association of the noisiest and most vindictive patrioteering with reactionist convictions on domestic policy.

If the election next fall is to be made useful to the American people rather than merely to party politicians, the contest must be changed from a competition among loyalists as to which is most loyal into a competition among loyalists as to what they mean by loyalty and what they will do in its name. It will be deplorable if all candidates for senator next fall follow the example of Lenroot and Davies and use the excuse of flawless patriotism in order to ask the American people for a blank check of power. The senators elected next November will serve for six years from the following March. They will form part of the body which will ratify or refuse to ratify the treaty of peace and which will have much to say about the legislation which Congress will pass after the war is over to deal with the grave social and economic problems of that period. The voters should insist on knowing where they are likely to stand, whether they are ready to accept the economic and political responsibilities involved by American participation in a League of nations, whether they have already made up their minds for or against the nationalization of railroads, public utilities and mineral resources, whether they will accept the principle of paying for the war out of direct taxation on wealth, and whether they are prepared for a national organization of the food and labor supply of the country. These are the essential issues upon which the elected candidates will be forced to vote during their official career, and they should be no more permitted to dodge declarations of opinion during the anxious distractions of the war than they would be during a period of peace. The party politicians will try to dodge such difficult questions because they wish to adjust their course to the wind and cannot guess how the wind will be blowing. They much prefer to exploit empty professions of loyalty rather than to furnish their patriotic mansion with a definite meaning and an estimable content. But in this respect they betray the interests of the democracy whose best method of exercising wholesome control over its rulers is to force them to declare how they will use the power confided to them.

Inasmuch as there is no way of avoiding an election next fall, public opinion should do its utmost to prevent it from becoming a sham election. Radical political organizations such, for instance, as "the

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National Party," if it is not strong enough to run candidates of its own can force declarations of policy out of the Democratic and Republican candidates, and there is at least a chance that in so doing they can count on the aid of President Wilson. In his recent letter to the New Jersey Democrats he indicated clearly his own preference for the adoption by his own party of an unprecedentedly radical programme. If the Democrats accept his lead in this respect, if they frankly announce to the country their conviction of the need of thoroughgoing reconstruction, they will adopt the course which will be most effective in winning Socialist support for the war and in preventing the election of Republican candidates. There can be no sound objection to raising now these questions of reconstruction. Candidates of the two parties who are both agreed upon the vigorous prosecution of the war may differ upon questions of future foreign and domestic policy without doing any damage to effective national unity for military purposes. On the contrary, such evidences of radicalism on the part of the President's party would actually promote unity by protecting hesitating Socialists against a not unreasonable fear that the war will be capitalized ultimately for the benefit of domestic reactionists. As many Socialists realize, the society of nations which the President is seeking to bring into existence will fail unless it is composed of more thoroughly socialized and democratized communities than those which entered the war. The American nation needs, in order to prove its good faith in urging its international programme, to give the same evidences of courageous and thoroughgoing radicalism that the British nation is giving. If it does so it will be more rather than less likely to win the war.

Lynching: An American Kultur?

IN itself, the lynching of Robert Prager at Collinsville, Illinois, was a revolting crime. He was one, his pursuers were five hundred, who, after baiting him to their hearts' content, deliberately murdered him. All this took place in broad daylight, in a community of five thousand inhabitants, presumably representative American, although most probably infected with the spirit of the neighboring community of East St. Louis, where an equally abhorrent crime of recent commission still cries in vain for adequate punishment. If there were in the community men with any sense of humanity and fair play and the courage to take personal risks in the defense of the weak, the silence of the press does them grave injustice. What must the world think of Collinsville? The victim of its fury, for all Collinsville is able to report to the contrary, was an innocent man. He had not only avowed his loyalty to America but had proved it by causing the arrest of a real alien enemy and by attempting to enlist in the American navy, from which he was debarred only by physical disabilities. He was set upon by drunken rowdies whose ranks rapidly filled with so-called "best citizens" and was brutally slain, while the more decent members of the community expostulated mildly or averted their eyes. The gentler Turks behave likewise, while helpless Armenians are being done to death.

It is not possible for any community to sink to a greater depth of degradation. But this is not the gravest aspect of the matter. Can the American people wash their hands quite clean of the guilt of Collinsville? That depends on how much truth there is in the charge that lynching is a part of the American Kultur just as frightfulness is a part of the German Kultur. The Kultur of frightfulness rests upon conceptions of racial and political superiority that pretend to lift the aggressor above the plane of ordinary right and decency. When the Kaiser instructed his soldiers in the Boxer expedition to make the German name a terror engraved upon the hearts of the Chinese, he was arrogating to himself and his people a position of superiority to the common dictates of humanity. On what other ground does a mob of white Americans justify the burning of negroes? When German atrocity-mongers charged the helpless Belgians with the gouging out of soldiers' eyes and cried for ruthless reprisals upon the race whose political system they sought to destroy, were they not pursuing a course paralleled by the atrocity-mongers of this country with their persistent circulation of ground glass myths, of which federal investigators have investigated more than two hundred, only to find a single authentic case, and that one of ordinary sabotage? In both cases a peculiar Kultur is invoked to justify in advance whatever outrages later may be committed. We have justly made a chief point in our indictment of the German nation that not merely the unthinking mob, but men of high station have condoned and even approved the atrocious acts committed in the name of Germany. Have not Americans in high station condoned the lynching of negroes? And in the case of the Prager lynching, how many Americans in high station have protested against the offence? The mayor of Collinsville has telegraphed to Senator Overman demanding the imposition of heavy penalties, upon what? Such crimes as have disgraced the city where he holds office? No, disloyalty, the crime apparently not committed by the unhappy victim. From Washington it is reported that members of

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the Cabinet are using the Prager case as an argument for a more drastic law against disloyalty, and in the United States Senate a member with an otherwise honorable record is reported as accepting the Prager lynching as an example of what must happen if we do not have more stringent laws dealing with disloyalty. "If we do not handle the situation adequately, it will be handled by popular justice, through mob courts and lynch tribunals." "Popular justice," "mob courts," "lynch tribunals!" These phrases are sufficient to define quite precisely the Senator's Kultur.

That mob violence is to be explained in terms of the inadequacy of the law or the inefficiency of the courts is a species of sickening cant that discredits our national intelligence. The great majority of negroes lynched, as everyone ought to know, are charged, not with rape, for which legal penalties are inadequate to satisfy a part of the community, but with theft, arson, murder, and other crimes for which adequate penalties are at hand. The victims of lynchings are not malefactors of great wealth or high social standing, who might escape justice through influence or the skill of counsel, but the poor and friendless, whose chances in the regularly constituted courts are none too favorable. Mob violence arises out of malevolence and thirst for blood: it is a species of collective criminality for which there is just one cure: punishment. There are no lynchings in countries where lynchers are relentlessly hunted down by the law as common murderers. We shall have lynchings in America only so long as they remain a part of our national Kultur, immune from prosecution, condoned by even the better classes.

We believe that the laws dealing with treason, sedition and disloyalty should be revised, to cover all offenses that are directed toward aiding the enemy. Sabotage and arson are one kind of crime when the motive is personal, they fall under another category of crime when the motive is to handicap our country at war and to aid the enemy. When the motive of such crimes is of a domestic character they may properly be dealt with by the local and state governments; when the motive is of national or international character, the crimes ought to be dealt with by the federal government. Arson and sabotage in aid of the enemy ought to be swiftly, surely and drastically punished; as they can be only if the federal laws are properly extended, and so of many other offenses that are essentially directed against the nation, but that have remained illogically under state jurisdiction. We believe that the federal department of justice should have ample powers to deal with such crimes, because we regard this as an essential measure of national defense, *not* because we are under any illusion that mob violence will thereby be reduced. On the contrary, there is every reason for believing that with the multiplication of acts subsumed under the legal caption of disloyalty, the occasions for mob violence will increase, unless measures are taken to make private man hunting a dangerous pastime.

The putting down of mob violence, it will be said, is a matter for the state and local authorities; and this means, unfortunately, that nothing will be done about it. So also is arson a matter to be dealt with by the state and local authorities, except when arson comes to be affected with an anti-national interest, as it is when warehouses or munitions works are destroyed by German agents or by persons working for the triumph of Germany. What about lynching when it is affected with an anti-national interest? If the federal government can take the one kind of crime under its jurisdiction, so also can it take the other kind.

It is our national purpose to stand before the world as a clean and honorable nation. We do not want our Allies to be burdened with the necessity of apologizing for our Kultur, as Austria-Hungary must apologize for the Kulturs of Germany and Turkey. It is our national purpose to line up our whole people behind our war, those whose blood was originally drawn from Germany as well as those whose blood was drawn from countries in alliance with us. It is our national purpose so to comport ourselves that defenseless Americans held in enemy countries shall not be subjected to cruel reprisals. Outrages inflicted by mobs upon Germans or Americans of German blood are calculated to thwart us in all these purposes. They are clearly offenses directed, not against the state and local governments, but against the nation in its hour of peril. Shall we omit them from the list of offenses which we are about to place under the jurisdiction of the federal courts? To do so is to condone them and to acknowledge them as a part of our national Kultur.

For a Living Executive

SUPPOSE Congress had established by legislation, over a period of a hundred and twenty-five years, the detailed organization of the army. Suppose it had said, there shall be one thousand infantry regiments. Each regiment shall include one thousand two hundred men. It shall consist of ten companies; nine of these companies shall carry rifles, and the other shall operate machine guns. So much money shall be appropriated for the use of each company. Suppose this army then went out to fight the Germans, and discovered that each German regiment was equipped with hand-grenades,

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that several companies were assigned to gas and flame-throwers, and that it had about twice as many machine guns. Reorganization would be necessary. Then suppose that our army had to sit in its trenches and wait for the general in command to come before Congress and ask for power to reorganize. And suppose Congress answered, we cannot trust you with this power, but if you will tell us in detail what you want, we will pass the necessary laws. The general would reply, "I can now tell you some of the things I want. But no one can think of everything in advance. I want authority to experiment, to change quickly, to invent. I don't want to have to fight the Germans with one hand and Congress with the other, to ask for each little necessary alteration by bills which have to pass both houses of Congress twice. This is no time for a deliberative body to take command of the army."

Yet that is just what is happening, in a larger and more important way, to the commander-in-chief of the army. The various executive departments necessary to prosecution of the war have been established by law in the utmost ramifications of detail. The President has asked for general authority, through the Overman bill, to shift functions and appropriations among bureaus and departments. And Senator Reed, speaking for the opposition, has said, "The issue is between a general grant of power . . . and the other alternative of having presented to the Senate a statement of those powers which are deemed necessary, with an indication as to the laws that now stand in the way of their exercise and action by the Senate upon such specifications when made."

Two months after the Overman bill had been introduced, the head of one of the greatest war-making branches was holding his daily meeting of departmental councillors. A change in organization was proposed, and unanimously agreed to in five minutes. The council then spent two hours trying to devise a way of putting the change into effect without violating the law, and failed. This change had not been thought of when the Overman bill was framed. If specific powers had been asked for two months ago, it would not have been included. If the Overman bill had been passed, the measure could have been put into effect the same day it was decided on. Without the bill, two months is a conservative estimate of the time necessary to get the enabling law passed, supposing Congress to be in session.

Many Congressmen believe government to be an automatic machine which can be perfectly designed in advance on paper, and then operated by a continuous flow of money. They cannot conceive of a situation in which the intelligence of the executive should be given much play. Mr. Baruch is trying to relate the various purchasing departments to the main war programme. He asks each bureau to submit ahead of time a schedule of requirements; his requirement section then compiles these schedules and compares them with the supply. Wherever shortages appear, three activities are set in motion. Someone looks around for new sources of supply, for ways of stimulating the existing ones. Someone else notifies the bureaus in question that a shortage is in sight, and asks them to revise and economise. A third agency begins to study the possibility of substitutes in each article to be manufactured. Suppose, in spite of all, the shortage arrives. Mr. Baruch must then decide, according to the general plan, who shall have the material, who shall use the substitutes. A certain bureau head sulks. He says to himself, very well, if I cannot have what I want, I will take nothing. I will not use a substitute. And he stops his production. It might then be wise for Mr. Baruch to say to the President, production is slow in this bureau; I should like power to take it over temporarily. But the chances are that if the bureau chief knew Mr. Baruch could take him over, he would produce. Here is a subtle use of power that Senator Reed could not foresee, unless he had the gift of prophecy. Mr. Baruch ought not to be ordered to take over the bureau now. He ought not to be ordered to take it over on September 21st, 1918, whether he wants to or not. He wants power to exercise discretion. The exercise of discretion is the chief duty of a good executive.

Representative Medill McCormick, between March 11th and March 23rd, discovered all by himself five desirable transfers and introduced bills authorizing each one. To transfer the Bureau of War Risk Insurance from the Treasury to the War Department, the Coast Guard to the Navy Department, the Public Health Service to the Interior Department, the Secret Service to the Department of Justice, and the Supervising Architect to the Interior Department—all these changes seemed to him wise. Any other diligent Congressman could probably put forward an equal number of good suggestions. Take, for instance, the duty of vocational training of crippled soldiers and sailors. This now comes under the jurisdiction of the Surgeon General, the Adjutant General, the Judge Advocate General, the corresponding officers of the Navy, the War Risk Insurance Bureau of the Treasury, the Department of Labor, and the Vocational Education Board. Expenditures must be met from the separate appropriations for each of these bodies. Why not create here a single agency? Chemical work, both research and technological, is now going on in the Bureau of Chemistry of the Agricultural Department, the Public Health Service

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of the Treasury, the Internal Revenue of the Treasury, the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines of the Interior and the Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce. The War and Navy Departments and the War Industries Board also need much chemical information. Here is a vast and complex task for reorganization—one which should proceed experimentally and step by step, not by a grand Congressional ukase. Statistics are compiled by practically every government agency, but there is no central statistical body. These are only a few of the cases which would be uncovered in any general attempt to reorganize the executive.

Even if flexibility were not desirable, and Congress could establish the necessary reforms once for all, the attempt would be at once impossible and devastating. President Taft in a message to Congress once gave a hint of the enormous unplanned and uncoordinated administrative machinery. "This vast organization has never been studied in detail as one piece of administrative mechanism. Never have the foundations been laid for a thorough consideration of the relationships of all of its parts. . . . The problem of good administration is not one that can be solved at one time. It is a continuously present one." At another time Mr. Taft wrote, "Bureau after bureau, service after service, has been organized, but neither the executive branch nor the Congress has been consciously working to a consistent, well defined purpose." Mr. Taft's Commission on Economy and Efficiency circled over this morass for years, finding confusion after confusion, without ever being able to bring in a complete map and a comprehensive recommendation. On the administration that existed in Mr. Taft's time has been built the bulging and improvised war machinery. Does Congress pretend that it can now, in a week or two, discover every desirable change, and set up a new government, a gleaming and oiled engine of highest efficiency? Does it believe that if any such drastic and comprehensive legislation were passed it could be put into effect without stopping the war entirely? Yet if Congress does not discover and decree every possible change, how can it hope to make now by specific acts the very changes that may crop up as most necessary during the next few months? No single Senator or Representative, to say nothing of Congress as a whole, has the cosmic imagination necessary to create a new world at Washington.

What is necessary is both more modest and more human. Congress has only to relinquish its formalistic restriction on the natural developments that must take place in every growing organism. It has only to accept the principle of executive flexibility. The work of the men in the administration itself will then thrust up the most necessary readjustments from time to time. No grant of substantive power is asked. The same duties are to be performed, the same money is to be available for the same purposes. Only, the task of the executive will be done in the ways and by the agencies that seem best from day to day. Every legislator who opposes this natural life of government will be materially obstructing the prosecution of the war, and he will be doing so for the sake of an exaggerated and mechanistic conception of his function. Senator Reed's objection is a stifling objection, his counter-proposal substitutes cogs and springs for the living body. What our administration needs is not tinkering in the machine shop, but a chance to grow.

National Labor Policy

SECRETARY WILSON of the U. S. Department of Labor is to be congratulated on the work of his Labor Policies Board. The personnel of the Board, when first announced, awakened many misgivings. The employers had selected as their representatives men most of whom were known for their hostility to the trade unions. Among the representatives of the workers, there were men who had long been identified with the more radical wing of the American Federation of Labor. The representatives of the public, ex-President Taft and Mr. Frank P. Walsh, were not distinguished for neutrality on the salient issues between trade unionists and open-shop employers. It was widely feared that a Labor Policies Board so constituted would exhaust itself in fruitless debate.

But the Board reached an agreement upon a liberal code of principles and policies with refreshing swiftness. By subordinating their individual prejudices to their conception of the nation's best interests, the members of the Board have set what should prove an exceedingly wholesome example to employers and wage-workers throughout the country. If their work is now vigorously backed by the Secretary of Labor, and especially if it is re-enforced by an executive order from President Wilson, they will at least have defined what the government's labor policy is and will have cleared away the obstructive issues between organized business and organized labor that have most seriously hampered the nation's productive efficiency.

Lifted from paper and vitalized by an executive order, the Board's declaration will register a major victory both for the employers and for the trade unions. The employers will have won the

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adherence of organized labor to the principle of universal arbitration so applied as to outlaw all strikes for the term of the war. The National War Labor Board, whose creation the Labor Policies Board advocates, would have jurisdiction over all controversies arising between employers and men in the entire field of production necessary for the effective prosecution of the war—a very inclusive field as matters stand today. The War Labor Board would seek to bring about settlements of all such controversies through public hearings, conferences, mediation and conciliation; but failing a unanimous agreement, it would appoint an umpire with power of final decision. No penalty is provided for the failure of either side to accept such a decision as finally binding, but the weight of public opinion, re-enforced by the pledged opinion of organized labor and organized business, would be irresistible. For practical purposes, the proposed scheme of arbitration, though based upon joint consent, would be compulsory.

On the other hand, organized labor will have won a sweeping recognition of the principle of collective bargaining. Organized business, through its representatives on the Board, will have surrendered two of its strongest anti-union positions. It will have surrendered the right to discriminate against men for membership in a trade union which the U. S. Supreme Court confirmed in the famous case of *Coppage v. Kansas;* and it will have surrendered the almost impregnable barrier against the trade unions set up and consolidated, after more than a decade of litigation, by the decision of the Supreme Court in the recent case of *Hitchman Coal & Coke Co. v. Mitchell et al.,* which made it unlawful for the unions to attempt to win members among employees bound by individual contract to employers pledged to the non-union shop.

No victory comparable to this has ever been won by organized labor at a single stroke. For the declaration of the Labor Policies Board not only recognizes and affirms the right of the men to organize for collective bargaining through their own freely chosen representatives, but it also provides that this right " shall not be denied, abridged or interfered with by the employers in any manner whatsoever." To discharge men for trade union membership would be a gross violation of this pledge. Moreover, while in establishments where union and non-union men and women work together, and the employer meets only with employees or representatives engaged within his establishment, the continuance of this practice is not to be deemed a grievance, yet the Board asserts that this declaration " is not intended in any manner to deny the right, or discourage the practice of the formation of labor unions, or the joining of the same by the workers in said establishments, nor to prevent the War Labor Board from urging, or any umpire from granting, improvement of their situation in the matter of wages, hours of labor, *or other conditions,* as shall be found desirable from time to time." By this provision, the barrier of the individual contract is expressly removed from the path of the trade union organizers.

But, of course, the Labor Policies Board's entire declaration of principles and policies will remain mere paper unless Secretary Wilson puts life into it, unless it is confirmed as the government's labor policy by an executive order from President Wilson, and unless it is put into practice by a vigorous labor administration, dominated by a thoroughly competent War Labor Board. The advisory bodies appointed by Secretary Wilson have been adept in the formulation of excellent programmes. The plan for a national labor administration which, after a brief week of tense deliberation, the Secretary's Advisory Council delivered to him on the 22nd of January, still remains little more than a paper plan. Of the seven heads of new divisions proposed by the Advisory Council, only two have been appointed. The Presidential order empowering the Secretary to reorganize and unify the national labor administration was issued on January 4th. This delay can be fairly charged only in part to the unpardonable neglect of Congress to grant the necessary funds; it is largely due to the timidity of the Secretary of Labor in urging his case before Congress. He has not succeeded in making Congress take him seriously even when he has the backing of a Presidential order. If the declaration of the Labor Policies Board is allowed to succumb to inanition or anaemia, its ultimate effect upon industrial morale will be worse than if it had never been made.

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A League of Free Nations

What Democracy Means

ALL the talk, all the aspiration and work that is making now towards this conception of a world securely at peace, under the direction of a League of Free Nations, has interwoven with it an idea that is often rather felt than understood, the idea of democracy. Not only is justice to prevail between race and race and nation and nation, but also between man and man; there is to be a universal respect for human life throughout the earth; the world, in the words of President Wilson, is to be made "safe for democracy." I would like to subject that word to a certain scrutiny to see whether the things we are apt to think and assume about it correspond exactly with the feeling of the word. I would like to ask what under modern conditions does democracy mean, and whether we have got it now anywhere in the world in its fullness and completion.

And to begin with I must have a quarrel with the word itself. The eccentricities of modern education make us dependent for a number of our primary political terms upon those used by the thinkers of the small Greek republics of ancient times before those petty states collapsed, through sheer political ineptitude, before the Macedonians. They thought in terms of states so small that it was possible to gather all the citizens together for the purposes of legislation. These states were scarcely more than what we English might call sovereign urban districts. Fast communications were made by runners; even the policeman with a bicycle of the modern urban district was beyond the scope of the Greek imagination. There were no railways, telegraphs, telephones, books or newspapers, there was no need for the state to maintain a system of education, and the affairs of the state were so simple that they could be discussed and decided by the human voice and open voting in an assembly of all the citizens. That is what democracy meant. In Andorra or perhaps in Canton Uri, such democracy may still be possible; in any other modern state it cannot exist. The opposite term to it was oligarchy, in which a small council of men controlled the affairs of the state. Oligarchy narrowed down to one man, became monarchy. If you wished to be polite to an oligarchy you called it an aristocracy, if you wished to point out that a monarch was rather by way of being self-appointed, you called him a Tyrant. An oligarchy with a property qualification was a plutocracy.

Now the modern intelligence, being under a sort of magic slavery to the ancient Greeks, has to adapt all these terms to the problems of states so vast and complex that they have the same relation to the Greek states that the anatomy of a man has to the anatomy of a jellyfish. They are not only greater in extent and denser in population, but they are increasingly innervated by more and more rapid means of communication and excitement. In the classical past—except for such special cases as the feeding of Rome with Egyptian corn—trade was a traffic in luxuries or slaves, war a small specialized affair of infantry and horsemen in search of slaves and loot, and empire the exaction of tribute. The modern state must conduct its enormous businesses through a system of ministries; its vital interests go all round the earth; nothing that any ancient Greek would have recognized as democracy is conceivable in a great modern state. It is absolutely necessary if we are to get things clear in our minds about what democracy really means in relation to modern politics, first to make a quite fresh classification in order to find what items there really are to consider, and then to inquire which seem to correspond more or less closely in spirit with our ideas about ancient democracy.

Now there are two primary classes of ideas about government in the modern world depending upon our conception of the political capacity of the common man. We may suppose he is a microcosm, with complete ideas and wishes about the state and the world, or we may suppose that he isn't. We may believe that the common man can govern, or we may believe that he can't. We may think further along the first line that he is so wise and good and right that we only have to get out of his way for him to act rightly and for the good of all mankind, or we may doubt it. And if we doubt that we may still believe that though perhaps "you can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time," the common man, expressing himself by a majority vote, still remains the secure source of human wisdom. But next, while we may deny this universal distribution of political wisdom, we may, if we are sufficiently under the sway of modern ideas about collective psychology, believe that it is necessary to poke up the political indifference and inability of the common man as much as possible, to thrust political ideas and facts upon him, to incite him to a watchful and critical attitude towards them, and above all to secure his assent to the proceedings of the able people who are managing public affairs. Or finally we may treat him as a thing to be ruled and

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not consulted. Let me at this stage make out a classificatory diagram of the elementary ideas of government in a modern country.

Class I. It is supposed that the common man *can* govern.

(1) without further organization (Anarchy).

(2) through a majority vote by delegates.

Class II. It is supposed that the common man *cannot* govern, and that government therefore must be through the agency of Able Persons who may be classified under one of the following sub-heads, either as

(1) persons elected by the common man because he believes them to be persons able to govern—just as he chooses his doctors as persons able to secure health and his electrical engineers as persons able to attend to his tramways, lighting, etc., etc.

(2) persons of a special class, as for example persons born and educated to rule (e. g. Aristocracy) or rich business adventurers (Plutocracy) who rule without consulting the common man at all. To which two sub-classes we may perhaps add a sort of intermediate stage between them, namely:

(3) persons elected by a special class of voter.

Monarchy may be either a special case of Class II (1) (2) or (3), in which the persons who rule have narrowed down in number to one person and the duration of monarchy may be either for life or a term of years. These two classes and the five sub-classes cover, I believe, all the elementary political types in our world.

Now in the constitution of a modern state, because of the conflict and confusion of ideas, all or most of these five sub-classes may usually be found intertwined. The British constitution for instance is a complicated tangle of arrangements due to a struggle between the ideas of Class I (2), Class II (3) tending to become Class II (1) and Class II (2) in both its aristocratic and monarchist forms. The American constitution is largely dominated by Class I (2), from which it breaks away in the case of the President to a short term monarchist aspect of Class II (1). I will not elaborate this classification further. I have made it here in order to render clear first, that what we moderns mean by democracy is not what the Greeks meant at all, that is to say direct government by the assembly of all the citizens, and secondly and more important, that the word "democracy" is being used very largely in current discussion so that it is impossible to say in any particular case whether the intention is Class I (2) or Class II (1), and that we have to make up our minds whether we mean, if I may coin two phrases, "delegate democracy" or "selective democracy" or some definite combination of these two, when we talk about "democracy," before we can get on much beyond a generous gesture of equality and enfranchisement towards our brother man. The word is being used in fact confusingly for these two widely different things.

Now it seems to me that though there has been no very clear discussion of the issue between those two very opposite conceptions of democracy largely because of the want of proper distinctive terms, there has nevertheless been a wide movement of public opinion away from "delegate democracy" and towards "selective democracy." People have gone on saying "democracy" while gradually changing its meaning from the former to the latter. It is notable in Great Britain for example that while there has been no perceptible diminution in our faith in democracy there has been a growing criticism of "party" and "politicians" and a great weakening in the power and influence of representatives and representative institutions. There has been a growing demand for personality and initiative in elected persons. The press, which was once entirely subordinate politically to parliamentary politics, adopts an attitude towards parliament and party leaders nowadays which would have seemed inconceivable insolence in the days of Lord Palmerston. And there has been a vigorous agitation in support of electoral methods which are manifestly calculated to subordinate "delegated" to "selected" men.

The movement for electoral reform in Great Britain at the present time is one of quite fundamental importance in the development of modern democracy. The case of the reformers is that heretofore modern democracy has not had a fair opportunity of showing its best possibilities to the world, because the methods of election have persistently set aside the better types of public men, or rather of would-be public men, in favor of mere party hacks. That is a story common to Britain and the American democracies, but in America it was expressed in rather different terms and dealt with in a less analytical fashion than it has been in Great Britain. It was not at first clearly understood that the failure of democracy to produce good government came through the preference of "delegated" over "selected" men, the idea of delegation did in fact dominate the minds of both electoral reformers and electoral conservatives alike, and the earlier stages of the reform movement in Great Britain were inspired not so much by the idea of getting a better type of representative as by the idea of getting a fairer representation of minorities. It was only slowly that the idea that sensible men do not usually belong to any political

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"party" took hold. It is only now being realized that what sensible men desire in a member of parliament is honor and capacity rather than a mechanical loyalty to a "platform." They do not want to dictate to their representative; they want a man they can trust as their representative. In the fifties and sixties of the last century, in which this electoral reform movement began and the method of proportional representation was thought out, it was possible for the reformers to work untroubled upon the assumption that if a man was not necessarily born a

> . . . . "little Liber-al
> or else a little Conservative"

he must at least be a Liberal-Unionist or a Conservative Free-Trader. But seeking a fair representation for party minorities, these reformers produced a system of voting at once simple and incapable of manipulation, that leads straight not to the representation of small parties but to a type of democratic government by selected best men.

Now I will not pretend to be anything but a strong partisan in this matter. When I speak of "democracy" I mean "selective democracy." I believe that "delegate democracy" is already probably a failure in the world, and that the reason why today after three and a half years of struggle we are still fighting German autocracy and fighting with no absolute certainty of victory is because the affairs of the three great Atlantic democracies have been largely in the hands not of selected men but of delegated men, men of intrigue and the party machine, of dodges rather than initiatives, second-rate men. When Lord Haldane, defending his party for certain insufficiencies in their preparation for the eventuality of the great war, pleaded that they had no "mandate" from the country to do anything of the sort, he did more than commit political suicide, he bore conclusive witness against the whole system which had made him what he was. The one man who has risen to the greatness of this great occasion, the man who is, in default of any rival, rapidly becoming the leader of the world towards peace, is neither a delegate politician nor the choice of a monarch and his councillors. He is the one authoritative figure in these transactions whose mind has not been subdued either by the party machine or by court intrigue, who has continued his education beyond those early twenties when the mind of the "budding politician" ceases to expand, who has thought, and thought things out, who is an educated man among dexterous undereducated specialists.

The President of the United States is more in the nature of a selected man than any other conspicuous figure at the present time. And be it remembered that Mr. Wilson is not the first great President the United States have had, he is one of a series of figures who tower over their European contemporaries. The United States have had many advantageous circumstances to thank for their present ascendancy in the world's affairs; isolation from militarist pressure for a century and a quarter, a vast virgin continent, plenty of land, freedom from centralization, freedom from titles and social vulgarities, common schools, a real democratic spirit in their people, and a great enthusiasm for universities, but no single advantage has been so great as this happy accident which has given it a specially selected man as its voice and figurehead in the world's affairs. It is to the United States of America we must look now if the world is to be made "safe for democracy." It is to the methods of selection as distinguished from delegation, that we must look if democracy is to be saved from itself.

H. G. WELLS.

London.

A Policy of Reconstruction

[From an address delivered before the Institute of Social Sciences]

CONSIDERED as a going concern, collectively engaged in the traffic of human living, the American commonwealth is perhaps not ready to go into the hands of a receiver. There is, at the best, a wide-spread apprehension that the affairs of this going concern are in something of a precarious case. The case may not be so grave; but the derangement of conditions caused by the war, as well as the degree in which the public attention now centres on public questions, mark the present as the appointed time to take stock and adopt any necessary change in the domestic policy.

In assuming or accepting the assumption that there is need of some reconstruction, it is supposed that the system of use and wont under which the community now lives and does its work, is not altogether suited to current circumstances, it is more or less out of date. This also carries the further assumption that the evil to be remedied is of a systematic character, and that merely palliative measures will no longer serve. This involves the proposition that some realignment of the working parts is necessary even at the cost of deranging any vested rights and interests that may stand in the way. That is what reconstruction means—it is a revision of vested rights, for the common good. What is to be avoided at all costs is the status quo ante.

An illustrative case may serve to show what is

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intended by the phrase "vested rights," in the more comprehensive sense. In modern industry as conducted by the methods of big business, it is one of the vested rights of the owner or employer freely to engage workmen on any terms on which they can be got, and to discharge them at discretion. It is another of his vested rights freely to employ as many or as few men as may suit his purpose, which is a quest of profits, and to work his own industrial plant more or less nearly up to its capacity, or not at all, as may suit his own purpose, in his quest of profits. On the other hand, among the vested rights of the workmen, or at least claimed as such, is their right to a job; so also an alleged right to discriminate as to what other men are to be associated with them on the job; also a right to quit work when they choose, i. e., to strike at discretion.

But taken in the large and seen from the point of view of the interest of the community, these vested rights of the two parties in controversy will figure up to something that may be called a right to exercise an unlimited sabotage, in order to gain a private end, regardless of the community's urgent need of having the work go on without interruption and at full capacity. The slowing down or stoppage of the industrial process at any point or on any plea by those who control the equipment or the personnel of industry works mischief to the community by that much, and falls short of that service which the community has a right to expect.

In such a case, it is evident, the vested interests so working at cross purposes are thereby cheating the community of the full benefit of the modern state of the industrial arts; and it is plain that such a case of interests working at cross purposes is a fit subject of revision. It should also be plain that the revision must be made primarily with a view to set up a condition of things that shall bring as much as may be of usefulness and content, and with only a secondary regard to the present vested interests of any one of the persons concerned.

This case of conflict between employer and employees, between the owner of plant and the owner of workmanlike skill and power, may serve to show what is here intended by incompatible or mismated vested interests. It is not here intended to find fault with either party to such a conflict. It is unreservedly assumed that they are all honorable men and all within their rights, as these rights have been allowed to stand hitherto. It is because the existing arrangement, quite legitimately and dispassionately, works out in a running campaign of sabotage, that the whole matter is to come up for a revision and realignment in which vested interests are to be set aside, under a higher necessity than the received specifications of use and wont and law. It is not that the conduct of the persons concerned is to be adjudged immoral, illegitimate or improper; it is only that it, and the kind and degree of discretion which it involves, have in the course of time become insufferable, and are to be disallowed on the ground of urgent expediency.

The points and passages in the conduct of industrial affairs at which vested interests work at cross purposes among themselves or at cross purposes with the common good, are many and various, and it could serve no purpose to attempt an enumeration of them here. There are few lines of industry or trade where nothing of the sort occurs. The inefficiency of current railway enterprise, e. g., as seen from the point of view of material usefulness, has forced itself on the attention of the administration under pressure of the war situation, so has the privately owned production and distribution of coal and the handling and distribution of food products. Shipping is coming under the same charge of costly incompetency, and the oil, steel, copper, and timber supply are only less obviously getting into the same general category of public utilities legitimately mishandled for private gain.

But to enumerate instances of such cross purposes between vested interests and the common good would scarcely be fruitful of anything but irritation. It may be more to the purpose to indicate what are the characteristics of the modern industries by virtue of which their businesslike management comes to work at cross purposes with the needs of the community or of a given class in the community; and then to look for something like a systematic remedial treatment, which might hopefully be turned to account—in case some person or persons endowed with insight and convictions were also charged with power to act.

It is believed that this working at cross purposes, commonly and in a way necessarily, though not always, rises to disquieting proportions when and in so far as the industrial process concerned has taken on such a character of routine, automatic articulation or mechanical correlation, as to admit of its being controlled from a distance by such means of accountancy as are at the disposal of a modern business office. In many, perhaps in most, cases this will imply an industrial plant of some appreciable size, with a correspondingly large force of employees; but much the same outcome may also be had where that is not the case, as, e. g., an enterprise in automatic vending machines, a "news company," so-called, or a baggage-transfer concern of the larger sort.

The mischief which such a situation gives rise to may be either or both of two distinguishable kinds: (1) disagreement and ill-will between employers and employees; and (2) mischievous waste, ex-

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pense and disservice imposed on the concern's customers. Not unusually the large and formidable concerns classed as big business will be found censurable on both counts. Again it is necessary to recall that this is not intended as implying that such management is blameworthy, but only that a businesslike management under such circumstances, and within its prescriptive rights, results in the untoward consequences here spoken of.

If this account of the state of things out of which mischief of this character is wont to arise is substantially correct, the description of the circumstances carries its own suggestion as to what should be a promising line of remedial measures. The mischief appears to arise out of, or in concomitance with, the disjunction of ownership and discretion from the personal direction of the work; and it appears to take on an added degree of mischance so soon as the discretionary control vested in ownership comes to be exercised by an employer who has no personal contact with the employees, processes employed or with the persons whose needs these processes are presumed to serve—that is to say, so soon as the man or staff in control pass into the class of supernumeraries, in respect of the mechanical work to be done, and retain only a pecuniary interest, and exercise only a pecuniary control.

Under these circumstances, this central or superior control can evidently as well be exercised by some person who has no pecuniary interest in the enterprise; and who is therefore free to manage the industry with a view to its fullest usefulness and to the least practicable generation of ill-will on the side of the employees. Roughly speaking, any industrial process which can, and in so far as it can, be sufficiently well managed from a more or less remote office by methods of accountancy and for financial ends, can also, by the same token, be managed by a disinterested administrative officer without any other than formal recourse to accountancy and without other than a secondary view to pecuniary results.

All of which patently goes to sum up the needs of remedial measures, under two heads: (1) Disallowance of anything like free discretionary control or management on grounds of ownership alone, whether at first hand or delegated, whenever the responsible owner of the concern does not at the same time also personally oversee and physically direct the work in which his property is engaged, and in so far as he is not habitually engaged in the work in fellowship with his employees; (2) To take over and administer as a public utility any going concern that is in control of industrial or commercial work which has reached such a state of routine, mechanical systematization, or automatic articulation that it is possible for it to be habitually managed from an office by methods of accountancy.

Needless to say, that when set out in this bald fashion, such a proposed line of remedial measures will appear to be shockingly subversive of law and order—iniquitous, impracticable, perhaps socialistic. And it is needless to argue its merits as it stands; particularly not to argue its merits within the equities of the existing law and order. Yet it may be as well to recall that any plan of reconstruction which shall hope to be of any slightest use for its main purpose, must begin by violating one or another of the equities of the existing law and order. A reconstruction means a revision of the present working system, the present system of vested interests, and of the scheme of equities within which that system is now working at cross purposes with the common good. It is a question of how and how far a disallowance of these existing vested interests is to be carried out. And the two propositions set out above are, therefore, intended to mark the direction which such a remedial disallowance of prescriptive rights will obviously take; not the limit to which such a move will necessarily go.

There is no socialistic iconoclasm in it all, either covert or overt; nor need any slightest animus of moral esteem or disesteem be injected into the argument at any point. It is a simple matter of material expediency, in which one of the prime factors to be considered is the growing prospect of an inordinary popular distrust. And the point of it all is that the present system of managing the country's larger industrial concerns by business methods in behalf of vested interests is proving itself bankrupt under the strain of the war situation; so much so that it is already more than doubtful if the community at large will hereafter be content to leave its larger material interests at the mercy of those business motives, business methods, and business men whose management is now shown to work such waste and confusion as can not be tolerated at a critical time. The system of vested rights and interests is up for revision, reconstruction, realignment, with a view to the material good and the continued tranquillity of the community at large; and there is therefore a call for a workable scope and method of reconstructing the existing scheme of law and order on such lines as will insure popular content. In this bearing, the meaning of "Reconstruction" is that America is to be made safe for the common man—in his own apprehension as well as in substantial fact. Current events in Russia, for instance, attest that it is a grave mistake to let a growing disparity between vested rights and the current conditions of life over-pass the limit of tolerance.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

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The Age of Innocence

SWEET and wild, if you like, the first airs of spring, sweeter than anything in later days; but when we make an analogy between spring and youth and believe that the enchantment of one is the enchantment of the other, are we not dreaming a dream?

Youth, like spring, taunts the person who is not a poet. Just because it is formative and fugitive it evokes imagination, it has a bloom too momentary to be self-conscious, vanished almost as soon as it is seen. In boys as well as girls this beauty discloses itself. It is a delicacy as tender as the first green leaf, an innocence like the shimmering dawn, "brightness of azure, clouds of fragrance, a tinkle of falling water and singing birds." People feel this when they accept youth as immaculate and heed its mute expectancies. The mother whose boy is at twenty has every right to feel he is idyllic, to think that youth has the air of spring about it, that spring is the morning of the gods. Youth is so often handsome and straight and fearless, it has its mysterious silences—its beings are beings of clear fire in high spaces, kin with the naked stars. Yet there is in it something not less fiery which is far more human. Youth is also a Columbus with mutineers on board.

As one grows older one is less impatient of the supposition that innocence actually exists. It exists, even though mothers may not properly interpret it for boys. Its sudden shattering is a barbarism which time may not easily heal. But in reality youth is neither innocence nor experience. It is a duel between innocence and experience, with the attainments of experience guarded from older gaze. Human beings take their contemporaries for granted, no one else, and neither teachers nor superiors nor even parents find it easy to penetrate the veil that innocence and ignorance are supposed to draw around youth.

If youth has borrowed the suppositions about its own innocence, the coming of experience is all the more painful. The process of change is seldom serene, especially if there is eagerness or originality. The impressionable and histrionic youth has incessant disappointment in trying misfit spiritual garments. The undisciplined faculty of make-believe which is the rudiment of imagination can go far to torture youthfulness until a few chevrons have been earned and self-acceptance begun.

Do mature people try to help this? Do they remember their own uncertainty and frustration? One of the high points in Mr. Trotter's keen psychological study, Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War, indicates adult jealousy of the young. Mr. Trotter goes beyond Samuel Butler and Edmund Gosse in generalizing their kind of youthful experience. He shows the forces at work behind the patronizing and victimizing of the young.

> Viewed in a broad way, it is neither surprising nor portentous that there should naturally exist a strong and persistent jealousy between the adult and the young. Indeed, many of the superficial consequences of this fact are mere commonplace. Throughout most of the lower animals the relation is obvious and frankly manifested. . . .
>
> The tendency to guard children from sexual knowledge and experience seems to be truly universal in civilized man and to surpass all differences of morals, discipline, or taste. . . .
>
> Every adult necessarily possesses a primary bias in his attitude toward the young, and a bias which is connected with instinctive impulses of great mental energy. However much this tendency is overlaid by moral principles, by altruism, by natural affection, as long as its true nature is unrecognized and excluded from full consciousness its influence upon conduct must be excessive and full of dangerous possibilities. To it must ultimately be traced the scarcely veiled distrust and dislike with which comparative youth is always apt to be met where matters of importance are concerned. The attitude of the adult and elderly toward the enthusiasms of youth is stereotyped in a way which can scarcely fail to strike the psychologist as remarkable and illuminating in its commonplaceness. The youthful revolutionary, who after all is no more essentially absurd than the elderly conservative, is commonly told by the latter that he too at the same age felt the same aspirations, burnt with the same zeal, and yearned with the same hope until he learnt wisdom with experience—"as you will have, my boy, by the time you are my age." To the psychologist the kindly contempt of such pronouncements cannot conceal the pathetic jealousy of declining power. Herd instinct, invariably siding with the majority and the ruling powers, has always added its influence to the side of age and given a very distinctly perceptible bias to history, proverbial wisdom, and folklore against youth and confidence and enterprise and in favor of age and caution, the immemorial wisdom of the past, and even the toothless mumbling of senile decay.

The day will come when our present barbaric attitude toward youth will be altered. Before it can be altered, however, we must completely revise our conventions of innocence. Youth is no more certainly innocent than it is certainly happy, and the conspiracy of silence that surrounds youth is not to be justified on any ground of over-impressionableness. Innocence, besides, can last too long. Everyone has pitied stale innocence. If a New York child of ten becomes delirious his ravings may quite easily be shocking to older people. Already, without any particular viciousness or precocity, he has accumulated a huge number of undesirable impressions, and shoved them under the surface of his mind. What, then, to do? The air of spring that is about him need not mislead his guardians. They may as well accept him as a

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ripe candidate for a naughty world. Repression, in other words, is only one agent of innocence, and not the most successful. Certainly not the most successful for domesticating youth in the sphere that men and women consider fit to be occupied. If youth is invited to remain innocent long after it recognizes the example and feels the impulses of its elders, the invitation will go unaccepted. Youth cannot read the newspapers or see the moving pictures without realizing a discrepancy between conduct and precept, which is one hint to precept to take off its bib.

This knowingness is not quite what it seems to be. Youth is never so young as when experienced. But those who must deal with it cannot lose by making it more articulate, by saving it from the silly adult exclusions of jealousy and pride. For this jealousy and pride continually operates against youth in the name of dignity and discipline. And so the fiction of happy youth is favored, the fiction that portrays youth as the springtime of the spirit; that pipes a song about a lamb, and leads the lamb to slaughter. F. H.

Written on the Back of Puffs

"The newspaper is to a very large extent parasitic upon competition; its criticism, its discussion, its correspondence, are, from the business point of view, written on the back of puffs of competing tobaccos, soaps, medicines, and the like. No newspaper could pay upon its sales alone, and the same thing is true of most popular magazines and weekly publications. . . . Necessarily what is published in newspapers and magazines must be acceptable to advertising businesses and not too openly contrary to their interests."—(H. G. Wells in New Worlds for Old.)

I READ these obviously true remarks a long time ago, but I never realized their full implications till now. In ordinary times newspapers are comparatively independent. Their advertisements are diversified. If they offend one advertiser, or one class of advertisers, they have still the others. Indeed, by offending one advertiser they may sometimes make their paper more popular with readers, increase its circulation, and so ultimately gain far more advertising than they have lost. But at present they are consciously or unconsciously in an unenviable position.

The cry of "business as usual" has largely subsided. Even before we entered the war labor was fully employed and factories were working to capacity. Now men are constantly being drawn away from labor to the trenches. The only way to increase the manufacture of munitions, ships and the necessities of war is to divert labor and materials from the production of luxuries. Newspapers join in the cry that we must stop buying and manufacturing the "non-essentials." But what are the non-essentials? The newspapers are vague. They do not name them. The reason is plain. The manufacturers of non-essentials make up the bulk of their advertisers. It stands to reason that the advertisers will be mainly the people who make things that are not absolutely necessary. That is why they have to advertise. The necessary things largely sell themselves. Open your newspaper. There are the "ads": theatres, cabarets, dancing schools, vacation tours, summer and winter resorts, department stores, gowns, new styles, furs, vanity bags, patent medicines, beauty creams, pianos, phonographs, cigars, cigarettes, tires, automobiles. I do not mean to say that all advertisers sell non-essentials: they may advertise competing essentials. But look at the list. Are there many indispensables in it?

And this is the most discouraging part: that the newspapers live on these people. No newspaper could raise its voice definitely and continuously against these businesses, mention these things by name, plead with its readers to forego them during the period of the war; not to speak of carrying its policy consistently out and refusing such advertisements. There would be only one result. That newspaper would go out of business. The field would be left to the less conscientious and the less public-spirited. And if all newspapers followed the policy, their ranks would be decimated.

I do not denounce the press. I am a newspaper man myself; and at present I write for a newspaper as independent as a newspaper can well be. But we should not be blind to the position of the newspapers, and we should not wonder why the campaign for economy in this country has made so little headway.

HENRY HAZLITT.

In the Dawn

Before the dawn I looked, and there were seven
Tall gray clouds upon the eastern heaven;
And with the wind out of the north and east
They walked like gods going to some high feast;
They walked like gods out of the sea-ways dim
With blowing hair above the water's rim.

Then with the dawn a wind of anger came,
And round the gray clouds played a crimson flame;
One raised a sudden arm; one bowed a head;
And all their heaving flanks were streaked with red. . .
And who could know if they were clouds or seven
Gray gods fighting on the eastern heaven?

W. A. NORRIS.

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A COMMUNICATION

Is This Adulation?

SIR: When a man is called an "adulator,'" I have no doubt that by the law of nature and nations he becomes the happy possessor of a question of personal privilege entitling him to rise and make answer in the forum of his accuser. This happiness is now mine, and the obligation of hospitality is unfortunately yours. In your columns a correspondent signing himself "D" has intimated a certain distrust of my articles because of what he calls "Mr. Hard's confession of his *adulatory* attitude toward ex-President Roosevelt." It is a word implying admiration without discrimination, and implying also a sort of servitude, and I deny that I have deserved it.

In the course of the years during which Theodore Roosevelt has been an ex-President I have written about him, so far as I can now remember, just three times. Once I wrote an article saying that his foreign policy while President was strongly and effectively for the maintenance of peace—an article not unfavorably reviewed in the editorial columns of the New Republic. Once I wrote an article opposing the popular view of his exploits in the field of epigram and asserting that he is by no means a great inventor and originator of phrases but only, for the most part, a highly energetic unearther of them, ready-made, in books and in people's conversations, and then a violent and exact hurler of them at other people's heads—an article which brought me from him an Olympian approval of my literary penetration. And, thirdly, I made an allusion to him in an article in the New Republic on Traitors.

These feats, even taken in their cumulative effect, hardly give me a high place among the poisoners of public opinion on his behalf. If he should ever again be President, I fear he will not think I have earned the right to be Chairman of the Committee on Public Information. Like Woodrow Wilson, he would probably prefer somebody more voluminous and more timely in well doing. In particular he might think that a journalistic promoter of his who spends most of his time writing for the New Republic and therefore living in a medium notoriously ninety-nine per cent sterile and immune to the Rooseveltian microbe is a promoter perhaps rich in love's labor but certainly rich, too, in love's labor lost. Further, if he read my article on Traitors, his function in the structure of it could not have been lost upon him. I was building up an argument against the whole traitor-idea in discussions of war-versus-peace even during war. Few persons have been more promiscuous in the use of that idea than Theodore Roosevelt. It pleased me to indicate his high national value and then, at the end of my article, to hurl him over the precipice of a universal acceptance of his own notions of "treason" into an immersion in jail, or, at any rate, into a thorough effacement from print and from the platform. Theodore Roosevelt may not have all the qualities in the world; but he most distinctly has a sense of irony; and I fear that the part he played in my article would not seem to him to be quite so single-edged as it apparently seemed to "D."

However, in the course of my allusion to him in that article, I did indeed praise him very heavily. I admit it. I said that to me he has been "the greatest of all the men of my times, for action." But I said "for action." I did not say that he has been our greatest original thinker or our greatest first cause of new democratic political machinery or our greatest discerner of the dawn of the co-operative commonwealth or our greatest scientific formulator of the laws which should govern the birth-rate in consideration of the world's supply of food and of standing-room. I said "for action"; and my concrete suggestion was that the President should assign him to a certain duty, in which, as it seemed to me, a power of "action" was the one great power needed; and by "action" I meant what any man means who uses words in their ordinary colors; I meant definite decision carried into execution promptly.

Now Theodore Roosevelt is a public man; and the test of a public man of action is office; and I do not feel myself at all extreme or lonely in maintaining that Theodore Roosevelt, in office, dealing with Conservation, Railroads, Meat Inspection, Pure Food, the Anthracite Strike, Californian Anti-Japanese Legislation, the Fleet Around the World, German Aggression in Venezuela, Anarchy in Santo Domingo, the Alaskan Boundary Dispute, Revolt in Panama, and a host of other matters, displayed a power of definite decision and of prompt execution in our times unequalled. Moreover, out of office, in these recent years, while his arguments about Belgium may have been out of harmony with the technique of the treaties and while his present arguments about permanent universal military service may be (and, I think, are,) quite out of harmony with our diplomatic need and our moral need of holding up before our people the great inspiring standard of a crusade for a warless world, nevertheless, his two main contentions, approaching most closely to the character of genuine immediate acts—namely, that we should *prepare* to resist Germany and that we should *proceed* to resist Germany—seem to me to have been very decisively right. And I think that the western front proves it.

But I do not press that point. I am not here concerned to try to prove my statement about him. I simply admit it; and I point out the emphatic discrimination in it shown by the emphatic use of the word "action," and then I ask "D" to contrast it with a certain other statement I have made in the New Republic about a certain other person—Woodrow Wilson.

In an article entitled The Keystone of Our Coordination I said that Woodrow Wilson sets himself up to be an "interpreter" of the "conscience of America" and of "high political and moral purposes in the bosoms of men," and that he "amply and movingly, world-movingly, justifies his claim," and that his attacks upon anti-liberalism at home and upon anti-liberalism abroad have been "deeply discerned and magnificently portrayed to the world's imagination" and "have given us in him a leader not only of our own souls but of the souls of all peoples," and that therefore we owe him not merely our "applause" but our "reverence."

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I should be interested to know how far beyond "reverence" I must go in the case of Woodrow Wilson in order to arrive at "adulation."

And I have said that Woodrow Wilson's speeches on "war-aims" have been "among the world's greatest blessings" and "have done more good to the Allies than anything else that has happened to them since the war began." This observation, along with other similar ones, not lacking in appreciation of the diplomatic services of the administration, I venture to point out to "D" in my writings in the Metropolitan Magazine.

Yet I have criticized many of Woodrow Wilson's acts, or, rather, many of his non-acts. When I come to think of it, I find that I have hardly ever criticized any of his acts. Most of his acts convince me thoroughly. But I have indeed criticized many of his speeches and many of his avoidances of action. I have expressed my views. I find it perfectly possible to regard him as our greatest sower of the seed of liberalism and yet to think and to say that administratively, till within the last few weeks, he has been dangerously aloof and tardy and that diplomatically he has produced a multitude of speeches viciously inconsistent with his own necessary policy of forcible intervention in the West Indies. And if Theodore Roosevelt were President, I should find it equally possible to regard him as our greatest man of action and yet to think and to say, and to say repeatedly, with whatever resources of invective and of satire were at my command, that his attitude toward the Bisbee deportations and his attitude toward the Mooney trial and his attitude toward the Industrial Workers of the World and his attitude toward the Russian Revolution are, as I see them, both highly erroneous from the standpoint of fact and highly and calamitously injurious from the standpoint of national and international democratic progress.

In truth, having paid my adulations and reverences, and having said, as it were, that the Mississippi is a noble stream, I would continue, as now, to spend most of my working hours at the spots where the dikes were breaking. It is my trade, I fear. And I am the more confirmed in it when I observe the evil consequences which flow from the hypnotic action of great political streams in their flood-times of popularity. Theodore Roosevelt, when President, talked about "malefactors of great wealth" so thunderously and he prodded them so vigorously in certain numerous businesses, such as railways, that seldom indeed was an effective voice able to raise itself out of the national stupor and say: "Yes. Splendid. We are glad that the railway men feel hurt. But what about the beneficiaries of the Tariff?" And Woodrow Wilson today is talking so enchantingly about "self-determination" and is promoting it so copiously in the Balkans and in Syria and in Mesopotamia and in Siberia that hardly anybody is perverse enough to remain even half-awake and mutter: "Yes, I do hope the dear Mesopotamians will not be gobbled up by the British, but, I say, how about the dear Haitians and us? And where is our report on our administration of Haiti and of Santo Domingo and of Nicaragua?"

Naturally, such questionings, administrative and diplomatic, may sometimes be, may often be, really genuinely perverse, really genuinely silly. Granted. Perhaps I have been all wrong about the proposed Department of Supplies at Washington and about the proposed Central War Council. I could bear "D's" charging me with being a fool. But I can not bear his charging me, even indirectly, with being a partisan. It is precisely what I am not. It is precisely what I have been at the greatest pains to avoid. I have never been a journalistic insider in any administration or in any party or in any clique—Rooseveltian Republican or Anti-Rooseveltian Republican or Democratic or Socialist or Republican or Jingo or Pacifist—and I never shall be. I like to say a few words about the merits of Theodore Roosevelt in the columns of the New Republic and I like to expatiate on the merits of Norman Angell and of Arthur Henderson and of other pacifistic persons in the belligerent columns of the Metropolitan; and I am beholden to my editors for their indulgence. It rests on their confidence that I am not engaged, and have never been engaged, in promoting any partisan drive for any individual or by any group of individuals. That confidence, on their part, is the one thing I have in the world; and I am not likely to try to lose it. And if "D" will bear with me and will wait till Theodore Roosevelt is in office or is nominated for office or becomes for any other reason a proper subject for running commentary from a reporter reporting current official events, he will find me standing exactly where I have always stood—in my own observation-trench, badly placed, if he likes, but my own.

WILLIAM HARD.

CORRESPONDENCE

He Can't See the Irony

SIR: Your editorial of March 2nd, dealing with my criticism of Veblen's book, The Nature of Peace, is twice in error. It assumes that I had not read the book before discussing it, and implies that its objectionable matter was written in irony. I not only read the book throughout, but placed a copy, with its salient paragraphs marked, together with an abstract of Professor Hobbs's analysis, in the hands of the New York Tribune.

After Veblen's friends had come to his defense, I reread his book, to be sure that I had not dealt with it unfairly, and put it down for the second time convinced that it is insidiously pro-German in the consequences of its teachings, that it is destructive of patriotism, and that it should neither be put into the hands of the students of an American university, nor issued by an American publishing house.

It makes patriotism a thing to be ashamed of, it inculcates the belief that the material and cultural interests of the nation—of the world, in fact—will be better served by an unconditional acceptance of Germany's domination, while its reiteration that the eventual overlordship of Germany is inevitable cannot fail to weaken the morale of the youths into whose hands the book may be put for study.

I can find no warrant for the assumption that any part of it was written in irony. Those who allege that, what I believe to be, its culminating chapter, Peace Without Honor—sixty pages long, as Hobbs points out—was written in jest, evidently do so because they conceive its deductions too outrageous to be seriously offered the student. Well, let some one point out, for instance, just where the laugh comes in the following paragraphs, contained in what

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itself claims to be a serious study of the nature of peace, prepared by a scientific man, a professor in the University of Missouri, and which is being held upon the reserve list at Columbia University for the use of its classes in history.

> "The argument, therefore, turns back to a choice between two alternatives—peace in submission to . . . Germany or peace through the elimination of the enterprising powers (Germany)." "A . . . review of the presumptive material advantages to accrue to the common man under the regime of peace by unconditional surrender to an alien dynasty, brings the argument apparently to the conclusion that such an eventuality might be fortunate rather than the reverse, or at least it has its compensations, even if it is something not to be desired. Such should particularly appear to be the presumption in case one is at all inclined to make much of the cultural gains to be brought in under the new regime. And more particularly should a policy of non-resistant submission to the projected new order seem expedient in view of the exceedingly high, not to say prohibitive cost of the resistance, or even of materially retarding its fulfilment."
>
> "For its long-term biological success as well as for the continued integrity of a people's culture, a peace of non-resistance, under good or evil auspices, is more to be desired than imperial dominion."
>
> "It is in an assemblage of peoples in such a frame of mind [one not ready to accept a master] to whom pacifists are proposing in effect a plan for eventual submission to an alien dynasty, under the form of a neutral peace compact to include the warlike Powers . . . And yet, if the brittle temper in which any such proposal is rejected by popular opinion in these countries today could be made to yield sufficiently to reflection and deliberate appraisal, it is by no means a foregone conclusion that its acceptance would not be the best way out of a critical situation." "If the spiritual difficulty presented by this prevalent spirit of national pride—sufficiently stubborn still, however inane a conceit it may seem on sober reflection—if this animus of factional insubordination could be overcome or in some passable measure be conciliated or abated, there is much to be said in favor of such a plan of peaceable submission to an extraneous and arbitrary authority, and therefore also for that plan of negotiated peace by means of which events would be put in train for its realization."

To those who contend—as did the Tribune in its apologia—that Veblen's closing assertions of Germany's malevolence are a sufficient antidote for his pro-German teachings, I reply that this is not so, that, on the contrary, these admissions are in fact part of his argument, which is substantially as follows: Yes, Germany is brutal and selfish, but Germany is so constituted that war will never end until Germany's power be wholly destroyed, or Germany be given the right to rule the world. To destroy Germany's power will be an immensely costly undertaking, a more costly undertaking, in fact, than the democratic peoples will probably wish to carry through. Therefore, in the interests of economy and of an early attainment of a long peace, it might be better for the democratic peoples to consider seriously the unconditional acceptance of German rule.

I believe you stated recently that Veblen no longer is connected with the University of Missouri. A letter at hand from its acting registrar says that he is merely on leave of absence.

HENRY A. WISE WOOD.

New York City.

An International Merchant Marine

SIR: The old basis for world peace has failed. The doctrine of balance of power, which is to a very large extent responsible for the conditions which permitted the present world war to break loose, has unquestionably been completely exploded. Diplomats and statesmen now offer as a substitute a Neighborhood of Nations, evidently intending to establish an international military organization for the enforcement of world peace. May we not suggest for criticism and development a plan which could be readily coordinated with the international military organization to make the same more effective and susceptible of success. Why not organize an international merchant marine? Let all ocean-going commerce be carried by ships contributed or paid for by the several nations of the world in some just and fair ratio. Let the same be operated under the direction of an international administrative body having power to allot the ships according to the needs and resources of the various sections of the world, ascertained by exhaustive surveys. Eliminate abruptly or gradually, as found advisable, private and purely national ownership and operation. A few apparent advantages of such an institution, from the point of view of world peace, would seem to be the following:

1. Because of the financial investment and the commercial dependence of the separate nations upon such an institution, an effective sanction for real international law would be found.

2. If utilized in connection with an international military organization, such an institution would offer a more moderate and elastic means of penalization for breaches of international law, than would be possible if the ultimate and more undesirable form of punishment—military force—were alone possible.

3. The eventual havoc of the contemplated commercial war would be greatly mitigated to the redounding advantage of all nations concerned.

Many other economic and political advantages seem possible under such a system, but the purpose here is merely to suggest a system to be considered for development and criticism.

EDGAR H. ALLEN.

Decatur, Illinois.

The Icing Scarcity

SIR: As I read the accounts of the sugar shortage I recall the remark of a Pennsylvania friend of mine last fall when we were all being urged to save sugar against the prospect of need:

"Yes, we've been having quite a scarcity of sugar. Several days there, wife had to make the icing on the cake pretty thin."

MIRIAM H. CHAFIN.

Jovellanos, Cuba.

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The Ghetto

I

Cool inaccessible air is floating in velvety blackness, shot
with steel-blue lights,
But no breath stirs the heat
Leaning its ponderous bulk upon the Ghetto
And most on Hester street.....

The heat.....
Nosing in the body's overflow,
Like a beast pressing its great steaming belly close,
Covering all avenues of air—
The heat in Hester street,
Heaped like a dray
With the garbage of the world.

I room at Sodos' with Sadie and her old father and her mother—who is not so old and wears her own hair.

Old Sodos no longer makes saddles.
He has forgotten how.....
He has forgotten most things—even Bennie, who stays away
and sends wine on holidays—
And he does not like Sadie's mother
Who hides God's candles,
Nor Sadie
Whose young pagan breath puts out the light—
That should burn always
Like Aaron's before the Lord.

Time spins like a crazy dial in his brain,
And night by night
I see the love-gesture of his arm
In its green-greasy coat-sleeve
Circling the Book,
And the candles gleaming starkly
On the blotched-paper whiteness of his face—
Like a mis-written psalm.....
Night by night
I hear his lifted praise
Like a broken whinnying
Before the Lord's shut gate.
Sadie dresses in black.
She has black-wet hair full of cold lights
And a fine-drawn face, too white.
All day the power-machines
Drone in her ears.....
All day the fine dust flies
Till throats are parched and itch
And the heat—like a kept corpse—
Fouls to the last corner.
Then—when needles move more slowly on the cloth,
And sweaty fingers slacken,
And hair falls in damp wisps over the eyes—
Sped by some power within,
Sadie quivers like a rod.....
A thin black piston flying.....
One with her machine.

She—who stabs the piece-work with her bitter eye
And bids the girls: Slow down—
You'll have him cutting us again!
She—fiery static atom
Held in place by the fierce pressure all about—
Speeds up the driven wheels
And biting steel—that twice
Has nipped her to the bone.

Nights, she reads
Those books that have most un-set thought,
New-poured and malleable,
To which her thought
Leaps fusing at white heat,
Or spits her fire out in some dim manger of a hall,
Or at a protest meeting on the Square.....
Her lit eyes kindling the mob.....
Or dances madly at a festival.
Each dawn finds her a little whiter
Though up and keyed to the long day,
Alert yet weary.....like a bird
That all night long has beat about a light.

The Gentile lover—that she charms and shrews—
Is one more pebble in the pack
For Sadie's mother,
Who greets him with her narrowed eyes
That hold some welcome back.
"What's to be done," she'll say,
"When Sadie wants, she takes.....
Better than Bennie with his Christian woman.....
A man is not so like
If they should fight
To call her Jew....."

Yet when she lies in bed,
And the soft babble of their talk comes to her
And the silences.....
I know she never sleeps
Till the keen draught blowing up the empty hall
Edges through her transom,
And she hears his foot on the first stairs.

II

Calicoes and furs,
Pocket-books and scarfs,
Razor strops and knives,
(Patterns in check.....)

Olive hands and russet head,
Pickles red and coppery,
Green pickles, brown pickles,
(Patterns in tapestry.....)

Coral beads, blue beads,
Beads of pearl and amber,
Gewgaws, beauty pins—
Bijoutry for chits—
Darting rays of violet,
Amethyst and jade.....
All the colors out to play,
Jumbled iridescently.....
(Patterns in stained glass
Shivered into bits!)

Nooses of gay ribbon
Tugging at one's sleeve,
Dainty little garters
Hanging out their sign.....
Here a pout of frilly things—
There a sonsy feather.....
(White beards, black beards,
Like knots in the weave.....)

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And ah, the little babies—
Shiny black-eyed babies—
(Half a million pink toes
Wiggling all together!)
Baskets full of babies
Like grapes on a vine.

Mothers waddling in and out,
Making all things right—
Picking up the slipped threads
In Grand street at night—
Grand street like a great bazaar,
Crowded like a float,
Bulging like a crazy quilt
Stretched on a line.

But nearer seen
This litter of the East
Takes on a garbled majesty.
The herded stalls
In dissolute array.....
The glitter and the jumbled finery
And strangely juxtaposed
Cans, paper, rags
And colors decomposing,
Faded like old hair,
With flashes of barbaric hues
And eyes of mystery.....
Flung
Like an ancient tapestry of motley weave
Upon the open wall of this new land.

Here, a tawny-headed girl.....
Lemons in a greenish broth
And a huge earthen bowl.....
By a bronzed merchant
With a tall black lambswool cap upon his head.....
He has no glance for her.
His thrifty eyes
Bend—glittering, intent—
Their hoarded looks
Upon his merchandise,
As though it were some splendid cloth
Or sumptuous raiment
Stitched in gold and red.....
He seldom talks,
Save of the goods he spreads—
The meagre cotton with its dismal flower—
But with his skinny hands
That hover like two hawks
Above some luscious meat,
He fingers lovingly each calico,
As though it were a gorgeous shawl,
Or costly vesture
Wrought in silken thread,
Or strange bright carpet,
Made for sandalled feet.....

Here an old gray scholar stands.
His brooding eyes—
That hold long vistas without end
Of caravans and seas and roads
And cities dwindling in remembrance—
Bend mostly on his tapes and thread.

What if they tweak his beard—
These raw, young seed of Israel
Who have no backward vision in their eyes—
And mock him as he sways
Above the sunken arches of his feet—
They find no peg to hang their taunts upon.
His soul is like a rock
That bears a front worn smooth
To the coarse friction of the sea,
And, unperturbed, he keeps his bitter peace.

What if a rigid arm and stuffed blue shape,
Backed by a nickel star,
Does prod him on,
Taking his proud patience for humility.....
All gutters are as one
To that old race that has been thrust
From off the curbstones of the world.....
And he smiles with the pale irony
Of one who holds
The wisdom of the Talmud stored away
In his mind's lavender.

Here this young trader—
Born to trade as to a caul—
Peddles the notions of the hour.
The gestures of the craft are his
And all the lore.....
As when to hold, withdraw, persuade, advance.....
And be it gum or flags
Or clean-all or the newest things in tags,
Demand goes to him as the bee to flower.
And he—appraising
All who come and go,
With his amazing
Sleight-of-mind and glance
And nimble thought
And nature balanced like the scale at nought—
Looks Westward, where the trade-lights glow
And sees his vision rise—
A tape-ruled vision,
Circumscribed in stone—
Some fifty stories to the skies.

III

As I sit in my little fifth-floor room—
Bare
Save for bed and chair
And coppery stains
Left by seeping rains
On the low ceiling
And green plaster walls,
Where when night falls,
Golden lady-bugs
Come out of their holes
And roaches, sepia-brown, consort.....
I hear bells pealing
Out of the gray church at Rutgers street,
Holding its high-flung cross above the Ghetto,
And—one floor down across the court—
The parrot screaming:
Vorwärts..... Vorwärts.....
The parrot, frowsy-white,
Everlastingly swinging
On its iron bar.

A little old woman
With a wig of smooth black hair
Gummed about her shrunken brows,
Comes sometimes on the fire escape.

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An old stooped mother—
The left shoulder low
With that uneven droopiness that women know
Who have suckled many young.....
Yet I have seen no other
Save the parrot there.

I watch her, mornings, as she shakes her rugs
Feebly, with futile reach
And fingers without clutch.
Her thews are slack
And curved the ruined back
And flesh empurpled like old meat,
Yet each conspires
To feed those guttering fires
With which her eyes are quick.

On Friday nights
Her candles signal
Infinite fine rays
To other windows,
Coupling other lights.....
Linking the tenements
Like an endless prayer.

She seems less lonely than the bird,
That day by day about the dismal house
Screams out his frenzied word. . . . . .
That night by night—
If a dog yelps
Or a cat yawls
Or a sick child whines
Or a door screaks on its hinges
Or a man and woman fight—
Sends his cry above the huddled roofs:
Vorwärts.....Vorwärts.....

Lights go out.
And the stark trunks of the factories
Melt in the drawn darkness,
Sheathing like a seamless garment.

And mothers take home their babies,
Waxen and delicately curled
Like little potted flowers closed under the stars.

The young men shut their eyes,
But life turns in them.....
Life in the cramped ova
Tearing and rending asunder its living cells.....
Trouble of unborn aeons.....
Wars, arts, discoveries, rebellions, travails, immolations, cataclysms, hates.....
Pent in the shut flesh.

And the young men twist on their beds in languor and dizziness unsupportable.....
Their eyes—heavy and dimmed
With dust of long oblivions in the gray pulp behind—
Staring as through a choked glass.
And they gaze at the moon—throwing off a faint heat—
The moon, blond and burning, creeping to their cots
Softly, as on naked feet.....
Lolling on the coverlet.....like a woman offering her white body.

Nude glory of the moon!
That leaps like an athlete on the bosoms of the young girls, stripped of their linens;
Stroking their breasts that are smooth and cool as mother-of-pearl
Till the nipples tingle and burn as though little lips plucked at them.
They shudder and grow faint.
And their ears are filled as with a delirious rhapsody,
That Life, like a drunken player,
Strikes out of their clear, white bodies as out of ivory keys.

Lights go out.....
And the great lovers linger in little groups, still passionately debating.
Or one may walk in silence, listening only to the still summons of life—
Life making the great Demand.....
Speaking in that strange, portentous voice.....
Calling its new Christs.....
Till tears come, blurring the stars that grow tender and comforting like the eyes of comrades;
And the moon rolls behind the Battery
Like a word molten out of the mouth of God.

Lights go out.....
And colors rush together,
Fusing and floating away . . .
Pale worn golds like the settings of old jewels.....
Mauves, exquisite, tremulous, and luminous purples
And burning spires in aureoles of light
Like shimmering auras.

They are covering up the pushcarts.....
Now all have gone save an old man with mirrors—
Little oval mirrors like tiny pools.
He shuffles up a darkened street,
And the moon burnishes his mirrors till they shine like phosphorus.....
The moon, like a skull,
Staring out of eyeless sockets at the old men trundling home the pushcarts.

A sallow dawn is in the sky
As I enter my little green room.

Sadie's light is still burning.....

Without, the frail moon
Worn to a silvery tissue,
Throws a faint glamour on the roofs,
And down the shadowy spires
Lights tip-toe out.....
Softly as when lovers close street doors.

Out of the Battery
A little wind
Stirs idly—like an arm
Trailed over a boat's side in dalliance—
Rippling the smooth dead surface of the heat,
And Hester Street,
Like a forlorn woman over-borne
By many babies at her teats,
Turns on her trampled bed to meet the day.

LOLA RIDGE.

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Books and Things

WHILE we were waiting to know whether England would go in, during the retreat which stopped with the battle of the Marne, when the German attacks near Verdun seemed likely to break through upon Paris—many times since this war began it has threatened the very life of our hopes. But in the last three weeks there has been a difference. In no other hour of greatest danger have our threatened hopes been so clear as they are now. For the first time since the United States entered the war, for the first time since we began to realize with the ardor of faith what we fight for, our eyes have seen a future without justice coming upon us, our hands have touched the thickening darkness. We have trembled because we were afraid, with a fear newly vivid, of handing on to our children, to the survivors among our children, a worse world than that which our fathers gave us. In a sudden revelation we have seen our hopes and fears face to face.

President Wilson at Baltimore put these hopes and fears into words not ours. The future, if mankind is in the future to strive for anything we have called progress, borrowed his voice. Never before has he spoken with a passion so large and clear. Of the German programme, as it must be judged by German acts, he said: "That programme once carried out, America and all who care or dare to stand with her must arm and prepare themselves to contest the mastery of the world, a mastery in which the rights of common men, the rights of women and of all who are weak, must for the time being be trodden underfoot and disregarded, and the old, age-long struggle for freedom and right begin again at its beginning. Everything that America has lived for and grown great to vindicate and bring to a glorious realization will have fallen in utter ruin and the gates of mercy once more pitilessly shut upon mankind. The thing is preposterous and impossible; and yet is not that what the whole course and action of the German armies has meant wherever they have moved?" Yes, the contrast is sharp between life as it has been lived in this country and life as it must be lived everywhere if Germany should win the war. Less sharp however, less profound and less ultimate, than the contrast between the future as we and our Allies would make it and the future which Germany will make if she can.

Yet all of us, forced by the possibility of a German victory to call it impossible, just as President Wilson was when he said the words I have quoted, have felt that in a future of unrealized ideals, of hopes extinguished or long postponed, many things that were not hopes, but achieved and good realities, must also disappear. Part of England dies whenever an English boy or man is killed in Picardy, where they are dying not only to give ideals another chance, but also to keep good English realities alive. Those English and French dead, whose number grows every hour of every day, would be an intolerable sacrifice if the French and the English tradition they are dying for were things the world could spare. "We are at war," said Burke, "with a system which, by its essence, is inimical to all other governments, and which makes peace or war, as peace and war may best contribute to their subversion. It is with an *armed doctrine* that we are at war." Not only when compared with Germany's "armed doctrine," but positively, in themselves, as we see them in the past, these English and the French traditions are splendid and glorious, taking high place among the achievements of man.

During the first days of the offensive it was not only a German future that I feared, it was also the death of everything I have loved most intimately in the English past. That the war might end with England on the road toward becoming as different from the England we have known as Greece today is different from fifth century Athens, this inconceivable thought was three weeks ago conceivable for the first time. To us, who have English blood in our veins, the English tradition, although it is not perfect to our minds, is of all the traditions that German victory would break the nearest to our hearts. In saying this I am thinking not of what England has done for freedom and law, or of the measure in which she has been willing to live and let live, not so much of England as she was in the decades before the war as of the England that one knew as a boy, that one built in one's imagination, unconsciously, out of stories read and listened to, into a land of variety, of humor and romance, of fancy and hard knocks, of broad laughter and chivalry, a place of which Falstaff was as true and no truer a native than Sidney, who went without the cup of water, who wrote of "that sweet enemy France." What colored contradictions, what "moral chiaroscuro," what wild flowers of eccentricity were to be found in this England one imagined and came afterwards a little to know! Burke's description, with one word changed, describes the earliest of all the Englands I have imagined: "The ancient and inbred integrity, poetry, good nature and good humor of the people of England."

Whether the English ideal of man's freedom to do as each man likes is to keep its life and generative force, or whether it is to be replaced in the living future by the discipline and heroic German docility which sacrifices countless lives to an ideal imposed on all by a few—that is one of the questions still being answered in France. Implied in that question is the other—whether some of our happiest memories shall turn to nothing but memories, or shall continue to be renewed and fed by the old substance in its changing forms. There is no necessary man—so we can say if we choose, so we can try to console ourselves by repeating while every day adds thousands to the hundreds of thousands who have died. But not that there is no necessary nation. That we cannot say. Nations have died and history has buried them. The world takes its losses, forgetting them as youth forgets, but also remembering them as age remembers its dead. There are necessary nations, necessary to the delight and variety and wholesomeness of this world, and England and France are of these. If no nation were necessary all these uncounted deaths would mean nothing but each nation's instinct to preserve itself. We all know that each of these deaths has a wholly different and a much deeper meaning.

On Sunday I went to a memorial service for the first of my friends to be killed in action. I may call him a friend, for it was one of his gifts to make older men forget that difference in age which something in his manner always remembered. For several years he had been asking himself more and more deeply what this world was for, and how his life in it had better be lived. About a year and a half ago he volunteered, and one of his questions was answered. The best thing to do with his life was to give it to a cause. His other question is partly answered, I am sure, by saying that one thing the world exists for is that men as kindly as he may be born into it, as modest, as gentle and courageous, as considerate of weakness.

P. L.

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Absolution

The Old Huntsman, and Other Poems, by Siegfried Sassoon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

WHEN John Masefield returned here some months ago he brought praise of Mr. Sassoon's war-poetry. It was a surprise to him that this poetry, published in London in May, 1917, and dedicated to Thomas Hardy, should not yet have reached Americans. Here is the book now, issued in the handsome war-forgetful style conferred on it by Mr. Heinemann; and only a year late.

It is not all war-poetry. Half of the volume contains verse that Mr. Sassoon must have written in the England that is gone. This part of the volume might by itself have made some reputation if there had never been a long war, and if it had been published with peace-time additions—but it is a thin companion to the verse that its author has added in France. Its anæmia is no evidence that its author is thin-blooded, it is merely a proof that poetry had largely become a function of book-fed human beings in the traditional sphere where Mr. Sassoon resided before the war. It is distinguished verse, some of it quite charming and all of it beyond sentimentality, but it is definitely moon-luminous and pale. The Old Huntsman is a boyish attempt to secure a quavering sporting reminiscence. Haunted, Goblin Revel and Night-Piece show the kind of crow's nest of fantasy to which English poets were compelled to climb so long as they had no full community with the life about them and no passionate experiences of their own. October and Morning-Land and Arcady Unheeding exhibit what a man with Mr. Sassoon's gift could do with classic opportunity; and Dryads is a fair poem to represent what I am taking to be his nostalgic youth:

DRYADS

When meadows are grey with the morn,
In the dusk of the woods it is night;
The oak and the ash and the pine
War with the glimmer of light.

Dryads brown as the leaf
Move in the gloom of the glade;
When meadows are gray with the morn,
Dim night in the wood has delayed.

The cocks that crow to the land
Are faint and hollow and shrill:
Dryads as brown as the leaf
Whisper and hide and are still.

This seems to me lovely, but it is only a forerunner of the true utterance which Mr. Sassoon finds in France. The war that he puts into poetry is not an occasion for pomp or patriotism. The word England is undoubtedly implicit in his singing, but he never gets more political than when he is

Wondering when we'll ever end it,
Back to Hell with Kaiser send it,
Gag the noise, pack up and go.

It is not war the politicality that inspires him, but war the human experience, war the terrific means to a political end. Had he remained in England he might have become a propagandist, a hate-artist. His enlistment carried him at one stroke across the mud-munitions and landed him body and spirit in the zone of death. In that zone he has not felt it necessary to apologize for his thoughts or opinions. He has framed them as they came to him, the bold and natural expression of a citizen-soldier supposedly free. The war has tested him. It has lifted him out of his old associations and lined him up with companions not chosen. It has fed his ears on gunfire and fed his eyes on the monstrosity of slaughter. The landscape of war has imprisoned all his senses, day and night, winter and summer weather. But instead of being stunned, his nature was tautened and his emotional impetus supplied. It is not that war is the supreme impetus, as some men argue. It simply happened to remit this poet's critical difficulties, to give him the spur he needed. Other men have seen and heard these same things and found them incommunicable; but the wounded comrade, the Golgotha of the sentry, the harsh imperative at dawn, the music-hall banality about the tanks, the blunt casualness of death—these incidents took a form for Mr. Sassoon which beauty and truth could arrange on, perhaps not the only form or the deepest form but one with the touch of immortality. And his liveliness, his salty wit, improved his reception of reality without trying to disguise its bitterness.

Most men succumb to the new monotonies of the war-routine, the spiritual anodyne of a strangeness beyond their mastery. They surrender personal verdict on their experience. They go dumb. But Mr. Sassoon has really mastered the inwardness and outwardness of what has happened to him. He has breasted the war. And the thrilling effect of this is not to estrange us from old human nature but to show war, the monstrous parvenu, incapable of perverting or subverting the manhood we have always recognized. That is why Mr. Sassoon's thirty war poems go so deep. Fire and flood invade him only to bring into relief his buoyant and sensitive spirit, his honesty, his normal repugnances, his laughter, his hatred of cant. His spirit has been tempered by the furnace, not contorted or reduced to melted butter. He neither weeps too little nor crooks his knee nor inflates his chest nor struts with a proud posterior. He remains a man.

The first war poem is this,

ABSOLUTION

The anguish of the earth absolves our eyes
Till beauty shines in all that we can see.
War is our scourge; yet war has made us wise,
And, fighting for our freedom, we are free.

Horror of wounds and anger at the foe,
And loss of things desired; all these must pass.
We are the happy legion, for we know
Time's but a golden wind that shakes the grass.

There was an hour when we were loth to part
From life we longed to share no less than others.
Now, having claimed this heritage of heart,
What need we more, my comrades and my brothers?

Only men who have fought can really feel this "absolution," I suppose, but no one has better expressed the purgation of war. There are other moods, however, in which Mr. Sassoon has sung witheringly of this same absolution.

"THEY"

The Bishop tells us: "When the boys come back
"They will not be the same; for they'll have fought

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"In a just cause: they lead the last attack
"On Anti-Christ; their comrades' blood has bought
"New right to breed an honorable race.
"They have challenged Death and dared him face to face."
"We're none of us the same!" the boys reply.
"For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone blind;
"Poor Jim's shot through the lungs and like to die;
"And Bert's gone siphilitic: you'll not find
"A chap who's served that hasn't found *some* change."
And the Bishop said: "The ways of God are strange!"

Another variant on the theme of absolution is this:

STAND-TO: GOOD FRIDAY MORNING

I'd been on duty from two till four.
I went and stared at the dug-out door.
Down in the frowst I heard them snore
"Stand to!" Somebody grunted and swore.
Dawn was misty; the skies were still;
Larks were singing, discordant, shrill;
They seemed happy; but *I* felt ill.
Deep in water I splashed my way
Up the trench to our bogged front line.
Rain had fallen the whole damned night.
O Jesus, send me a wound to-day,
And I'll believe in Your bread and wine,
And get my bloody old sins washed white!

You may guess from these quotations the happy accent of Conscripts, Enemies, The Tombstone-Maker, The One-legged Man, The Choral Union, Stretcher Case, The Hero, "In the Pink," A Subaltern, The Redeemer. There is a jolly humor in some of them, Stretcher Case being perhaps the cleverest in the amusing turn it gives to a poignant episode. It is not forced humor, but a burst of friendly sunshine through the phantasmagoria of the war. And Mr. Sassoon is no less willing to express the grave reality, as this fine poem shows,

THE ROAD

The road is thronged with women; soldiers pass
And halt, but never see them; yet they're here—
A patient crowd along the sodden grass,
Silent, worn out with waiting, sick with fear.
The road goes crawling up a long hillside,
All ruts and stones and sludge, and the emptied dregs
Of battle thrown in heaps. Here where they died
Are stretched big-bellied horses with stiff legs;
And dead men, bloody-fingered from the fight,
Stare up at caverned darkness winking white.

You in the bomb-scorched kilt, poor sprawling Jock,
You tottered here and fell, and stumbled on,
Half dazed for want of sleep. No dream could mock
Your reeling brain with comforts lost and gone.
You did not feel her arms about your knees,
Her blind caress, her lips upon your head:
Too tired for thoughts of home and love and ease,
The road would serve you well enough for bed.

It is not laid on thick, Mr. Sassoon's version, but his is one of the true legends of the war, and has the accent of simpler English poetry. There are phrases and moods which remind one of ballad, the simplicity is so perfect—even the supreme imaginative ballad of English, with its calamities and portents,

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All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon. . . .

Quotation is often unfair. Sometimes it puts a layer of fine apples on the top of the barrel, misrepresenting what's underneath; or else it picks out a random fruit or two that belie the actual content. But I have striven to take no advantage in making these quotations from The Old Huntsman. They represent the book as a whole. Its tone may not please every one, it must certainly disappoint the gentlemen who wish to disguise the tiger of war; but it is the tone of a youth singularly alive to actuality, and you cannot expect the man who is gripping with the actuality to take the same tone as the war-booster. The soldier is hardly less patriotic than the booster, and he is just three thousand miles nearer the fact.

F. H.

An Apology for Greece

In the Heart of German Intrigue. By Demetra Vaka. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00.

TO clear up the record of the land of her birth was the task this daughter of Greece set herself. Were the Greeks knaves or cowards, that they repudiated their obligation to come to the relief of Serbia when Bulgaria attacked? Or was Greece betrayed into dishonor by an alien dynasty surrounded by a clique of men pro-German

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by temperament or by purchase? Demetra Vaka was enough concerned with the honor of Greece to proceed against all manner of discouragements to the Aegean lands, where she carried on what reads like a congressional inquiry or a grand jury's inquest. Assuming that the author's account is to be taken literally, all the ministers and generals and admirals, the royal family and the king himself appeared before this Greek-American journalist and submitted docilely to her cross-examinations, and for the most part had most damaging admissions wrung from them. Most justly, it would appear, the Greeks are described as athyrostomoi—possessed of mouths without doors. Out of the mouths of the Venizelists alone did anything like truth and honor appear. And somehow one anticipates that the author's story will turn out in this way, even in the first pages that set forth her initial reverence for the king. The case for Greece appears strong, if one disentangles it from the improbabilities of the author's dramatic method. At the outset the Allies could have had Greece, if they had been willing to make her concessions that were inherently reasonable, but that unfortunately conflicted with the original ambitions of Italy and Russia. Later, when Bulgaria was on the point of entering the war, the Allies were willing to pay a reasonable price for the services of Greece, but it was too late. Constantine was an ardent admirer of Germany and the queen a German of the Germans. Around them sufficient German interest had crystallized to set the constitution at naught and to drive Venizelos to insurrection. It was the business of the Allies to expel Constantine and place Venizelos at the head of Greece, but they were too fond of legality and too considerate of the person of a king to move promptly. In the meantime German influence and German money played their part in weakening the national morale. If Greece cut a sorry figure, through the whole series of transactions, it was far less the fault of the Greek people than of the blundering diplomacy of the Allies, at first distorted by the imperialistic ambitions of the secret treaty epoch, and later lamed by hesitation and excess of scruples. The course of the war might have been altogether different if from the beginning Allied diplomacy had been strong and disinterested. Greece would have gone with the Allies, and Bulgaria too. This would have brought in Rumania, while the Russians were still strong. Turkey, isolated, would surely have fallen in pieces, and Austria-Hungary could hardly have held out long. In Greece the Allies held the key to victory in the world war. In the pride of their power they threw it away, contemptuously, and the world is paying for their folly. A. J.

Recent Publications

The Invisible Guide, by C. Lewis Hind. New York: John Lane Co. $1.00.

"GOD cannot stop the war because He, being Perfection, is not cognizant of blood-shed." This sentence, in spite of a sufficient adumbration, has an effect almost startling, like meeting a ghost. For I had thought it quite certain that this particular incarnation was dead, that the high, unruffled, alabaster deity of Milton, all-powerful and good—"omni-everything" as Mr. Britling contemptuously says—the Being against whom Swinburne flung his brave and glorious Hymn of Man, was no longer a factor in our reckoning of things. Whether you read Mr. Wells or Mr. Archer—even if you did not consider it entirely practicable that the word "God" be dropped from the vocabulary, as Mr. Archer suggests—you came away with a certain feeling about an inscrutable, capitalized deity nicely embodied by F. P. A.: "Ours is a sincere doubt as to whether the question 'And what did you do during the great war' might not embarrass, among others, God?"

And yet the author of The Invisible Guide is sincerely animated by a desire to slough away unreality and mummeries, to brush the theological slate clean, to achieve unaffected worship. "The churches have invented official prayers and praises, confession, self-examination, asceticism, all bewildering, and spiritually deadening, encumbered paths, twisty and tangled, on a road which should be a journey of joy, a running forward gaily . . ." Mr. Hind's enthusiasm and hope in art, his fine words about Lincoln, his sense of near kinship with nature, his sensitiveness to the suffering and heroisms of the young men of the world, impart to his book a certain glow. A young friend of the author's, an artist, has been killed in the war. But from the time the news of his death arrives, it seems to the narrator that the spirit of "Jimmy" Carstairs is with him, ready, "according to my desire." We are willing to honor this communion. It is only too bad that for some readers its clearness should be tainted by the intrusion of the stiff verbalisms of a cult: "If I thought aright and demonstrated, he, my Invisible Guide, would remain with me." Such phrases recur again and again. I would rather feel that the responsiveness of the man who died were independent of a special technical mastery in the summoner; that when it does come it is in answer to a deep need, solemnly and simply felt.

The Cabin, by V. Blasco Ibañez, translated by Dr. Francis Haffkine Snow and Beatrice M. Mekota. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

LAND of violent and lasting things: nature sternly fruitful, man cruelly unjust, eternal color, sudden hatred, hopelessness beyond despair, fate more than inexplicable; land sunk in centuries of sleep, and yet where knives to cut the knots of life are swiftest, sharpest. Across this rich and bitter background Blasco Ibañez's characters move palely. No doubt he means them to seem slaves of an eternal and not a literary fate. But, perhaps unconsciously, he plays the role of fate himself. He is master of what should command him. It is where Mr. Ibañez turns, all too briefly, from these half obedient puppets to the land itself that we get a glimpse of rare power and originality. For the land is utterly simple and direct: the glory and richness of the earth he feels completely and at once. But Spain's soil is only at the back of his mind. Though she surrounds him, feeds him, haunts him, once in a while only she bursts through his frail plot like her own fiery weeds.

The Old Front Line, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

WHEN the town of Albert, lying behind the middle of the old front line of the Battle of the Somme, was bombarded early in 1915, a shell so turned the iron stalk on the big church tower that the gilded statue of the Virgin and Child which it supported bent down over the Place as though diving. Word has gone about that when the Virgin falls the war will end. Bits of description like this enliven

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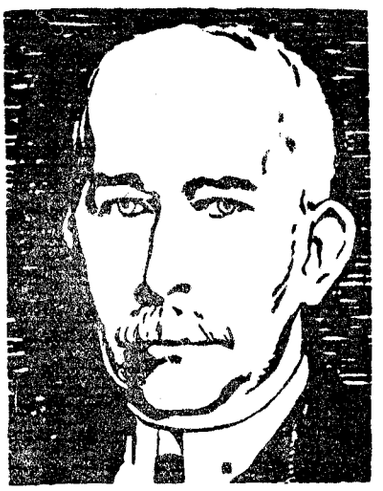

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Mr. Masefield's account of the old front line, which he fears will be as dull to read as the line was dull to hold. The book is neither monotonous nor drab. Few readers, perhaps, will remember the exact location of Auchonvillers or Pozières or Hébuterne or Maricourt, but sentences like these, describing the tumult of battle, are unforgettable: "The air was without wind yet it seemed in a hurry with the passing of death. . . . No thunder was ever so terrible as that tumult. It broke the drums of the ears when it came singly, but when it rose up along the front and gave tongue together in full cry it humbled the soul." Throughout the little volume Mr. Masefield is the poet in spite of himself, writing with a poet's vision of the spectacular drama in which he played a part. Just now The Old Front Line will be read eagerly by men who want to feel, rather than know, the real meaning of war. Later on, when peace comes and one single summer with its flowers will have covered the landmarks of the battlefield, it will be the task of historians to cull from the book whatever features have enduring value as history.

Trapped in Black Russia, by Ruth Pierce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

TO most of us, who think of Russia as a tragical map criss-crossed with social forces, this simple, moving little book will bring reality very close. Here are endless plains instead of Associated Press reports, colors instead of words, men instead of names. Where a less balanced foreigner would have written home complaints of the dirt and smells, or super-lyrics about church-bells and balalaikas, Mrs. Pierce's letters are utterly unaffected and sincere. More than that, often wistful and beautiful in places. Simply letters to her family, they have the intimate reality of a conversation overheard. People she describes vividly because she sees them so. Find the picture of the noble Polish refugees, the gypsy, the spies, the old governor. Terrible, lifeless officials incarnate the black Russia that used to be, and overhang the book like an evil cloud. One cannot help wondering what kind of men these were; if the filthy blackness they grew from has perished with them. And if not, more than ever one feels, reading this book, that while a trace of the Black Official and his slime remain, Russia's only cry can be Save the Revolution.

Contributors

to this Issue

H. G. WELLS—Everybody knows.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN—Economist; Author of The Theory of the Leisure Class and The Nature of Peace.

HENRY HAZLITT—New York financial writer; Author of Thinking as a Science.

W. A. NORRIS—A young Harvard graduate.

LOLA RIDGE—An Australian who came to America about twelve years ago. For a while she contributed short stories to popular American magazines, but soon tired of this work, and has published nothing for several years.

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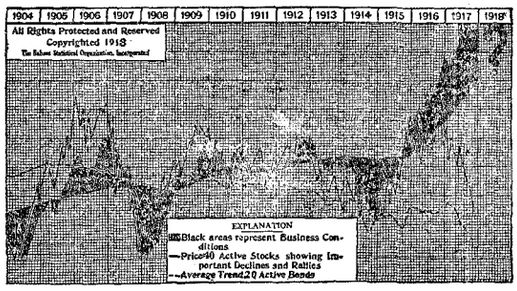
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